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SYMPATHY.

BY W. M. A.

How sweet is the love of a human heart,
When troubles and sorrows weigh down our own!
To feel, though many false friends depart,
We stand not yet in the world alone!

We yearn not, we care not, for words of wind,
Whose meaning to us is an echo void,
But the strains of a heart our souls can bind
With fetters that never can be destroyed!

We feel the sweet bondage and kiss the chain
That makes ourself and our fellow one;
And though fickle earth cannot bear the strain,
And breaks and repairs till life is done;

Yet still to rebind us the links are there,
Though dangling at times, or in tangled array;
And sweetly they lessen the load of care,
And soothe all the hardness of hearts away.

We mingle our joys and mingle our tears
With those of the loved as onward we roam;
And thus, hand in hand, through the burden of years,
We pass through the valley of shade to our home.

And if, when we cross the dark river of death,
There is one golden chain that to earth can us bind,
'Tis the echo of love from the last parting breath
To the heart of the loving one left behind.

Her Own Deception.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S FAITH," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

FOR a moment, as they stood opposite to each other, it seemed to both as if those long months of separation, of bitterness of anger on the one side, of unutterable sorrow and suffering on the other, had never been, and as if it were on the old terms they met, the old footing of mutual love. But it was for a moment only; then they recollect the gulf which lay between—a gulf which they thought could never be bridged over.

In this meeting Basil had undoubtedly the advantage; he was prepared for it, and nerved himself to be composed and cool; she was not, and it was totally unexpected to her. He too thought himself wrong and injured. Constance had not the consolation of knowing herself to be innocent of wrong to him, nay, she keenly felt her conduct, her deception towards the man who had trusted her, and never more keenly, never more bitterly than when she looked up and saw him standing before her, an expression of contemptuous mockery in the gray eyes which had always been so tender when they looked upon her, and a little disdainful smile curling his heavy moustache. It was only by a strong effort of self-control that she was able to incline her head in acknowledgment of his presence; and then, quivering in every nerve, she again bent over the engraving she held.

"That seems to be a very interesting point, Miss Courtney," remarked Mr. Bentley, perceiving her agitation, and good naturedly trying to give her time to recover. "What is it? May we see?"

She handed it to him, and her hand, as she released it fell heavily to her side.

"It is a beautiful engraving," said the manager, handing it to Basil; "exquisitely soft and clear. Is it a new acquisition of yours, Mr. Vigers?"

"It is not mine," answered the actor, who had glanced with some surprise from Basil to Constance. "It is Mr. Robinson's. I wish," he added, laughing, "that I were the fortunate possessor."

"You will see it better here," observed the "fortunate possessor," leading the way to a better light; and Basil handed the engraving to its owner with a slight bow.

The three gentlemen moved away to the other end of the room. In a moment Mr. Vigers was summoned, Mr. Bentley, and the dramatist moved away in earnest conversation, and Basil and Constance were alone. She had not moved from where she stood, leaning one elbow on the mantelpiece; but Basil saw how violently she was trembling, and how nervously the little hand was crumpling the lace on her dress.

"You are surprised to see me, Miss Courtney?" he said quietly. "I believe that is the name by which you call yourself now?"

The contemptuous ring in his voice made her shiver and shrink; but she made no answer.

"Surprise of course predominates; but I hope there is pleasure also in this renewal of our old—what shall I call it?—acquaintance."

Again she shuddered.

"Does this term displease you?" he said, with the same sneering coldness. "If so, supply me with a better—I can find none. After all, what did that acquaintance consist of, Miss Jamieson—I beg pardon, Miss Courtney? An utter trust and confidence on one side, a base, the very basest betrayal on the other. Is it not so?"

She raised her eyes once with a wild, pleading glance, and made a little entreating motion with her hand. Basil went on, his tone a little less cold, but more angry.

"Have you nothing to say? No excuse to give for your treachery? Surely in all these long months something has come into your mind which would serve to excuse or, at any rate, to palliate your conduct—at least in your own eyes? In mine it can admit of none."

"Then why should I try to do so?" she said very gently, but not turning to him. His contemptuous words were helping her to gain her calmness; but she was still trembling and unnerved.

"You do not care to lose your labor," he rejoined. "I should greatly like to hear what you would say; your charming acting would not be thrown away, I assure you; and it might be useful to you on some future occasion."

She raised her head proudly, and her dark eyes flashed.

"Hush!" she said haughtily. "You have no right——"

"No right!" he echoed. "No right to ask you for your excuse for the wrong you have done me?—no right to demand why you cheated me and lied to me!"

"No right," she continued passionately, "to insult me thus."

"Insult you?" he said with marked contempt. "Could anything I would say insult you? It would require stronger language than I would use, surely, to make any impression on a woman capable of the deception you have practised; a woman capable of taking a man's heart and trampling it under her feet for the amusement of an hour; a woman who by her conduct almost destroyed a man's faith in the sex to which his mother and his sisters belong; a woman who had deliberately and wittingly caused wounds which he will carry to the grave. Is it to such women as that, that one must measure one's speech by the rule of courtesy?"

"Have pity!" she moaned. She was cowering and shrinking before him.

"Pity!" he echoed. "Had you any pity? If you had suffered what I have suffered, you would have no pity for the person who caused your misery. Pity! I think that word is unknown in your vocabulary, Constance Jamieson."

He turned from her, sank down upon a chair, and bowed his head for a moment on his hands, his chest heaving convulsively, and great drops standing upon his brow. For a few moments there was silence. Constance was summoning all her courage to speak; but it was some time before she could force her lips to utter the words.

"I deserved all your contempt, all your disdain, all your hatred," she said sorrowfully. "I did deceive you. It is but too true, but, if you have suffered, I have suffered too. Look at me," she went on passionately. "Do I look like a happy woman? Is my face the face of a woman who is living a peaceful life? Do not you think that when I was forced to make you suffer, I suffered infinitly more? I believe, I hope, I pray that my sufferings were ten thousand times greater than yours. Ah, believe me"—she came to his side, putting her hand, with a timid gesture, on his arm—"in all these long months I have had but one wish—your forgiveness; but one hope, that you would forget me!"

He shook off her hand; but she went on with increasing passion.

"Why did you seek me to night? I would have gone anywhere to escape meeting you. Did you do it to see my misery and self-reproach? Did you do it to bring the past—that past which tears my heart, that past which I have striven so hard but so vainly, to forget, and which is as vivid as the present—back to me to add to my wretchedness? Ah, if I have wronged you, and I have—I do not try to deny it; it is undeniable—I have been punished; punished, and my punishment has been greater even than I deserved!"

She paused as though exhausted, but, went on again rapidly and eagerly, drawing nearer to him as she spoke.

"Basil, think how lonely I was; what an unspeakable longing I had for some one who cared a little for me; what an irresistible temptation the love you offered me was! Think how bitterly I have used my acceptance of it; think how I have paid for those few happy weeks—never quite happy to me, for at their happiest they were shadowed by the knowledge that I was deceiving you. Think of my life now, and compare it with yours. Which is the happier think you? If it be mine, Heaven help you, for yours must be wretched indeed!"

"You are speaking in enigmas," he replied. "I cannot follow you. How can I think you unhappy? You left me of your own free will; it was by your own action that you cast away my love and changed it into contempt. You tell me you are unhappy. I see you admired, sought after, triumphant. I have only your word for that unhappiness—your word, which I am not greatly inclined to credit. Pardon me if I beg leave to disbelieve it in favor of the evidence of my own senses. Even if you are so, whose fault is it?"—and he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "Is it mine or your own? Even you can hardly lay the blame upon me."

"No," she said, very quietly now; her passion seemed to have exhausted itself and her. "I could not blame you, even if I would—and I would not, even if I could. But, if your kindness in the old days made me hope that, if we ever met again, you would forgive me, that hope is gone for ever; and I feel now, even as you would have me feel, the bitterness and contempt with which you regard me."

"I cannot do otherwise," he replied. "You can scarcely expect it."

"I do not now," she said, with a mournful intonation which touched Basil in spite of himself. "I can never again; and yet ——"

Here she broke down and hid her face in her hands with a moan of anguish. Basil did not speak; this was not the manner in which he had expected his reproaches to be received; and the sight of her evident sorrow and apparent sincerity softened him; but her next words brought back, with redoubled bitterness, the anger he had cherished in his heart for her.

"And yet," she went on earnestly, clasping her hands and turning to him entreatingly, "if my conduct seemed cruel, it was partly, nay, mostly for your sake."

"Silence!" he said, turning fiercely upon her. "Spare yourself such unnecessary falsehood; it will be useless! For my sake! It was for my sake you won my love, and then threw it back in my teeth! It was for my sake you betrayed my trust; for I trusted you, Heaven knows how utterly! For my sake?"—and he laughed a bitter sneering laugh. "The excuse of all others I might have expected! It was only done for my sake; your love for me was the mainspring of your conduct, your desire for my happiness the ruling motive which actuated you. Spare yourself further repetition, Miss Courtney; I am now quite convinced of your tender interest, your noble disregard of self where I was concerned."

"Basil!" She could say no more.

"Your acting is as admirable off the stage as on," he said; "but it hardly receives such applause. The little bit of private comedy is useless."

A bitter cry broke from her, and she sank down by the chair whence he had risen, resting her head on it. Basil's self control was strong; but it almost failed him now. He forgot the fancied wrong, her desertion, and her treachery; and the old love once so strong—and never stronger than now—welled up in his heart. He turned away and was silent. Suddenly the call boy spoke her name; she rose feebly and stood for a moment pressing her hand to her temple with a troubled gesture; then she turned to him.

"We may not meet again," she said with forced composure. "Let me at least think that you forgive me. Basil—see, I am wanted—one word of pardon. Cannot you, out of the fulness of your happiness, grant me that?"

There was no answer. Basil was struggling with himself. She waited a moment.

"Miss Courtney!" cried the call boy.

"Basil," she implored, "one little word to say you forgive!"

"If you wish—yes," he said hoarsely.

With a quick sudden gesture she stooped, touched his hand with her lips, and passing out of the room, left him to his thoughts; and they were not pleasing ones. For a few moments he stood still where she had left him; then he found his way out of the numerous and intricate passages into more familiar regions, and quietly re-entered the box and rejoined the party. Not a word was said about his absence. Mrs. Bentley glanced at him curiously, but his face was impassive as ever.

Turning to the stage, he saw that Constance was acting, and he wondered with an intense wonder if this woman so calm and self-possessed could be the same who had cowered before him a few minutes before, trembling and pale.

As the play proceeded and she entered warmly and excitedly into the part she was playing—a woman resisting her love unto death if need be—Basil turned away, and the bitter thought entered his mind that with her all was acting—as much the scene with him in the green room as on the stage yonder.

He was very quiet as he went back with his party to the carriage. Everard's sympathy was written on his troubled face, and Lottie's eyes were very anxious and curious. Basil left them to return to Sir Philip Foster's; but, instead of turning his steps thither, he went round to the stage entrance and waited. He had not long to wait; in a few moments Constance Jamieson came out with Janet. She still wore her heavy silken robes, and over her head was thrown a large white shawl.

As the lamp threw its light full on her face, Basil leaned forward eagerly; it was deathly pale, and in the large eyes was an expression of utter misery and despair, which even he, prejudiced though he was, could not help reading; while on the maid's face, as he followed her into the cab, was an expression of pity and compassion which struck him also.

Basil turned homeward in deep thought.

That she too had suffered and suffered still he could not doubt, with the memory of that despairing face before him, with her own words, "is my face the face of a happy woman?" ringing still in his ears. Had he, the man for whom she had betrayed Basil, proved faithless to her? The old love must have been very strong just then, for Basil ground his teeth together and clenched his hands at the thought.

"Have you been so impressed?" he asked smiling. "Miss Courtney is a wonderful actress, is she not?"

Then seeing the real sorrow and distress on Doctor Venne's face, he went on gently—

"Is anything the matter, Venne—anything in which I can help you?"

The sympathy in his voice and the interest in his eyes prompted Basil to tell him the whole story, of course giving Everard's information and attributing the departure from Grassmere to it alone. Sir Philip listened in silence.

"Of all woman I should have imagined her true and good," he said when Basil had finished. "She has lived a life of singular self-denial and purity; and we cannot doubt that to such a woman in such a profession temptation must have come in many forms. I know personally of one offer of marriage she had which would have satisfied the ambition of most of her sex. We are speaking confidentially, and I will tell you that it is Sir Edward Newham, whom you have met here, to whom I allude. But he has remained one of her warmest friends ever since; so that argues greatly in her favor. Can there not be some mistake?"

"Hardly," answered Basil. "My brother saw her enter a carriage with a gentlemen, and I fancied my sister knew more about her than she owned. The subject was so intensely painful that I have never touched upon it to any one but yourself."

"Poor boy!" said Sir Philip gently. "The awakening from such a dream must have been hard, especially when the subject of it was Engel Courtney. Would the fact of her profession, of which she seems to have kept you in ignorance, have made any difference in your regard for her?"

"No," answered the young man promptly—"none; I should have felt the deception perhaps, but I was too much infatuated"—he laughed bitterly—"to give her up for that!"

"I have seen something of her in this way," said Sir Philip. "She is a very kind friend to a poor young girl who held a minor position in the 'Vivacity' company. Mr. Bentley asked me to visit the girl. She was very ill, but is now out of danger. Miss Courtney's kindness has been very great. Night after night they told me, she had come straight from the theatre and passed the rest of the night with Jeanie Lane. I myself have often found her there, and she struck me as singularly unaffected and simple, and I have rarely met a more fascinating woman."

"Yes, she is that," agreed Basil, whose face had softened during Sir Philip's words. "I am glad my conduct does not appear to you very absurd."

The hand-clasp with which the two men parted was very warm; and Sir Philip registered a mental vow to find out a little more of Miss Jamieson's reasons for her desertion of Basil Venne.

The next day had been fixed for Basil's departure, but he was easily persuaded to remain a few days longer in town.

During those days he carefully abstained from going to the "Vivacity," and neither saw nor heard of Constance Jamieson.

Everard did not broach the subject—Basil's face seemed so strongly to prohibit it; but he longed to know what had passed.

Sir Philip Foster was by no means so reticent; he had made careful and minute inquiries as to the young actress's career, her mode of life, and conduct, and they had proved satisfactory.

A very warm, kindly heart was hidden under his grave exterior.

Sir Philip liked Basil greatly, and he wished to see Constance Basil's wife.

He had detected the hidden sting which her apparent faithlessness had given, and the young man's unhappiness; and he would have been heartily pleased to heal the wound.

So, one day, when he chanced to meet Constance at Jeanie Lane's he watched her narrowly.

"You are not looking well, Miss Courtney," he said, putting his fingers on her wrist coolly. "You look as if you had had a disagreeable *rencontre* and apprehended another."

The color flushed up into her pale cheeks, and the pulse which he held gave a great bound.

"Ah, there's something in it! I see I am right. Come, Miss Courtney, I am too much interested in my friend to stand on ceremony. What made you treat that young colleague of mine so shamefully?"

"I—hardly understand you," she faltered.

"My question is a plain one; but here is a still more easy one. What made you jilt young Basil Venne?"

CHAPTER VI.

SIR PHILIP FOSTER'S question took Constance Jamieson so perfectly by surprise, that, for a moment or two, she was silent from sheer amazement. She stood perfectly still, her eyes on the ground, her hand still resting in his, while Sir Philip scrutinised her with his keen eyes.

"Well," he said, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"What has Doctor Venne told you, Sir Philip?" she asked, forcing herself to speak calmly, but feeling the difficulty of pronouncing Basil's name without betraying herself.

"Sit down," he said—"you are not fit to stand—and I will tell you."

Then, with his eyes still studying her face, Sir Philip related the story he had heard from Basil; he saw the fair face change once or twice as she listened, and at the end an expression of surprise appeared upon it.

"Do you mean me to understand, Sir Philip," she said slowly, "that Basil—that Doctor Venne did not know who I was until the other night when he saw me on the stage?"

"I do mean so," replied Sir Philip.

"And that he thought I had left Grassmere with—— Can you spare me five minutes? Let me justify myself, at least of the graver charge."

And then, with varying color and very tremulous speech, she told him all—Ellen Venne's discovery and her yielding to Ellen's desire that she should leave Grassmere, of her meeting with Sir Edward Newham at Mountford station, and of her anxiety that Everard Venne should not discover her whereabouts, which made her accept Sir Edward's offer to take her home in his carriage which was waiting; and her truth and sincerity were too evident for Sir Philip to doubt her for a moment.

"I am glad, heartily glad, to know this," he said, rising to go, and giving her hand a warm shake. "You will allow me to acquaint Doctor Venne with the truth, will you not?"

"I should like him to know it," she answered simply. "It may induce him to think, if not more kindly, at least less hardly of me. It cannot matter now," she added, coloring faintly as she emphasised the "now." "Do as you think best."

Sir Philip did as he thought best, which was to tell Basil fully and particularly all that had passed. After their interview Basil went down to Grassmere, where he and his sister Ellen had a long private conversation, and, though she proved that she had not heard of Everard's chance meeting with Constance Jamieson at Waterloo station, he could not easily forgive her for being the primary cause of Constance's departure from Grassmere; and it was a long time before the brother and sister regained their former footing of confidence and affection.

Doctor Venne's revulsion of feeling towards the woman he had loved, and still loved passionately, was very great, and his self-reproach was very vehement. In his humiliation at his rash judgment of her, his sorrow at the suffering she had borne, he was inclined to despair of ever regaining the place in her heart which he felt that he had forfeited. Still something must have encouraged him to hope, for, a few days later, he returned to town. Though it was late when he arrived in London, he drove straight to the "Vivacity," and obtained Miss Jamieson's address from Mr. Bentley.

"I am half afraid of you," said the manager laughingly; "you look desperate. Had you not better see her here, where——"

"We should be sure to be interrupted," answered Basil, trying to speak lightly. "Will you wish me success, Mr. Bentley?"

"I don't think I shall," said the other, with a shake of his head. "I am afraid your gain will be my loss."

"I hope so heartily," was the answer; "and yet I hardly dare to hope."

"I don't think you need despair," rejoined Mr. Bentley. "I thought there was something behind those pale cheeks and heavy eyes of hers. Bring back her old bright looks, and I will almost forgive you for the theft."

Basil arrived at the house where Miss Courtney lived some time before her return from the theatre, and paced up and down outside awaiting her return.

It was a quiet out-of-the-way part of London, and a policeman on his beat looked rather suspiciously on the dogged pedestrian who did not seem tired of an hour's pacing up and down.

As soon as he had seen Constance and Janet enter the house, Basil summoned all his courage, and knocked at the door.

The woman who answered it appeared greatly surprised and indisposed to admit him; but his appearance and his assurance that he was a very old friend, backed by a gold piece slipped into her hand, proving an "Open sesame," he was ushered upstairs, and, feeling almost as nervous as a girl, was shown into Constance Jamieson's sitting-room.

She was sitting in a low deep arm-chair, her head resting back on the cushions.

She wore the same trailing, shimmering blue skirts, the same silver ornaments, in which he had last seen her, and the large wrap she had worn during the drive home lay on the sofa near her.

She raised her eyes as Basil entered, and turned very pale; but she neither rose nor spoke, although the sound of his voice, so changed, so tender, sent her blood coursing swiftly through every vein.

"Constance," he said, "Sir Philip Foster has told me how terribly I have wronged you. I can hardly expect forgiveness; and yet, if you know what pain my judgment of you has brought upon myself, you will pardon me."

"Hush!" she answered in a low tone. "It is not for you to ask pardon, Doctor Venne. I was guilty of a great wrong towards you, and your mistake was very natural. Nay, if you persist, let the forgiveness at least be mutual—let both you and I, since you will have it so, forgive and forget."

"Will you really try to forgive my words of the other night?" he asked earnestly and pleadingly. "I do not know what possessed me; but, Constance, they hurt me more than they hurt you."

She smiled a little—a faint, sweet, incredulous smile.

"I hope not," she said gently. "But they need hurt neither of us now."

There was a long silence. Constance's tears were falling thick and fast on her clasped hands.

Basil's gray eyes, very eager, very sorrowful, very wistful, were trying to read his sentence in her half-averted face.

"I must not keep you from your rest," he said at length, with a heavy sigh; "but I should be much less unhappy if you would give me one kind word before I go."

She did not raise her eyes, but answered in her soft voice without looking up—

"You say 'much less unhappy.' Doctor Venne, I hope, I believe, I pray that you may be very happy."

"Is that all?" he asked.

"No," she answered, suddenly rising and holding out both her hands to him—"no; Heaven bless you, both you and the sweet young wife you have chosen!"

Basil held her hands firmly in his, his eyes eagerly seeking hers in entreaty.

"Have you nothing else to say to me, Connie?" he asked, his voice sinking to the softest whisper. "Child, is that all?"

She struggled to release herself, panting and trembling.

"Nay, you shall not go!" he said, passionately. "I cannot lose you again, my dearest and best. Connie, do not send me away miserable. Tell me not only that you do not hate me, but that you love me a little still!"

"Basil, Basil!"

"I will not hurt you," he said—"nay, see, you are free! Ah, I was mad indeed to think that you could do aught but hate me! But——"

He broke down, bowing his head on his hands. For a moment Constance stood motionless, pressing her hands to her heart as if to still the throbbing; and, when she spoke, her voice was faint and weak.

"If you were cruel before, you are doubly pitiless now," she said feebly. "Basil, help me; help me to do what is right, and send you from me."

"Why is it right?" he asked passionately "If you love me, Constance, if you do not hate me, why must I go?"

He came towards her again; but Constance put out her hands, and, with a wild entreaty of despair, cried out, shrinking back from him with such evident terror, that Basil paused.

"Do you then hate me?" he asked mournfully. "Is my offense unpardonable?" Then, making a powerful effort to subdue his excitement and agitation, he added, "Tell why I must go, Constance?"

"Oh, Basil"—and she turned to him, her face quivering with pain—"think—your wife!"

"My wife?" repeated Basil in intense surprise. "What do you mean—my wife? The only woman whom I will ever call my wife is here; and she sends me from her! Constance," he went on earnestly, "you must be laboring under some delusion. I have no wife; Everard is married. Are you mistaking him for me?"

"Basil, you are not mocking me?" she said faintly. "Oh, do not—do not! I am so weak, and I love you so dearly!"

He took her now, unresisting, in his arms

"Constance, since the day I first saw you. I have loved you and you only. If I were bound to another by any tie, however slight, should I be here now? Darling, I love you do not send me away again! Do with me; what you will; only let me be with you and love you!"

In his arms now, heart beating against heart, hand clasping hand, eyes reading the love which has borne so many trials, Constance rested, happy with a great happiness, beside which the past suffering seemed as though it had never been.

For awhile they remained thus, in a happiness too deep for words; but at last Basil put her gently from him, and parted her hair on her forehead with the old lingering tenderness of touch, which Constance had sometimes felt in her dreams.

"You are looking sadly like the Constance I first knew, dearest," he said gently. "How are you to win back the vanished roses?"

"They will soon come back now, Basil," she answered, resting her head on his shoulder with ineffable content. "You always make me strong and well again. Oh, Basil"—and here she turned, clinging to him with a passionate tenderness—"do not let anything part us now! I could not bear it; it would kill me!"

"Only your wish could do so, Connie," he said, drawing her more closely to his side; "nothing else. Let us forget the past. My child, they were terrible months to me too!"

"Were they? Oh, Basil, I did it for the best! You believe so now? I thought your sister and Lady Venne——"

"You were a foolish child," he interrupted, smiling into her soft eyes, so full of a love-light now. "You weighed Lady Venne's old-fashioned prejudices against her son's happiness and found them of the greatest weight? Was that it, love?"

"How could it be, Basil, when your happiness was the most precious thing in the world to me?"

"What was it then? Was Ellen's eloquence too much for you, Connie?"

"Not her eloquence only," she replied, clasping one of his hands in both hers—"yours had a great deal to do with it."

"Mine! What can you mean?" he said in surprise.

"Do you remember," she whispered, "the last evening we spent together at the Pleasaunce?"

"Perfectly well," he answered.

"You recollect then that one of my photographs was sent to Lottie by Mr. Bentley, and the likeness was commented upon. I saw from Ellen's face that she knew who I was; and, with your mother's words ringing in my ears that it would break her heart if you married an actress, I could hardly keep from crying. You thought I was tired; and then, when you came out with me to say 'Good Night,' you asked me if there was anything the matter. I so longed to tell you all then. I think I should have done so, but you said there was only one thing you could not forgive—a deceit, a lie; and I know that, by my own want of honesty, of courage I had forfeited your love. But, Basil" and here the sweet eyes filled, and she hid her face—"your love was so precious to me! When you told me that you cared for me, I felt I ought to have let you go; but I could not, for I had been so lonely, so desolate, and I loved you! And afterwards I dared not, although I felt that you must know it some day—I could never summon resolution enough to tell you the truth."

"It would have saved us both suffering, my darling," he said, tenderly.

"I know it would, Basil. I have felt it so keenly lately. The other night at the theatre it came upon me with a weight of conviction which has been upon my heart ever since."

"Can you ever forgive my cruel words, Connie?" he asked, after a little pause. "It seems to me that I must have been mad that night—I think I was—mad with misery, I suppose; and yet all the time I had a wild wish to take you in my arms and kiss away your tears. Then I went back to the box and watched you act, feeling very savage; and, after the play was over, I waited at the stage-door to see you come out. I am afraid Sir Philip thought me a great bore that night; but I could not help myself, Connie."

"Dearest Basil," she murmured, raising her hand to his face with a graceful, caressing gesture. Her hand was seized and retained.

"Send me away, Connie," he said then. "I can't find it in my heart to say 'Good night;' and you look very tired."

"I don't feel so a bit," she answered. "I feel better and brighter than I have done for months; but I suppose you must go, Basil."

"Yes, I must; it is very late. "Will you let me come to-morrow, Connie?"

"Will I?"—and she smiled. "Will you come to breakfast? Mr. and Mrs. Bentley are coming, and I want your help to face them."

"Bentley guesses," he replied, laughing. "He said I looked desperate—I felt so. Good-night, my own."

He held her closely in his arms for a moment, then they went down-stairs together. Janet, her face radiant, came out to open the hall door. Basil gave her a friendly greeting and a few heartfelt words of gratitude for her faithful service to Constance.

"Are you going to walk, Basil?" asked Constance, anxiously. "It is very far!"

"I shan't walk if I can find a hansom," he replied, stooping for a last kiss. "Otherwise my heart is light enough to help my feet."

She stood at the door watching him as he strode down the street. At the corner he paused to light a cigar, and, turning, saw her. He made a laughing gesture of displeasure and a sign to her to go in; then, lifting his hat, he passed quickly on.

CHAPTER VII.

SIR PHILIP FOSTER'S pleasure at the success of Basil's mission was very great, not merely at the reconciliation of two young people whose interests he had at heart, and for whom he had much esteem and some affection, but he counted upon it also as a means of keeping Basil Venne in London.

"You will never have the conscience to bury such a wife in the country," he said, laughingly; then, seeing that Basil looked a little troubled, he went on—"I don't mean to say that she would not be happy with you anywhere—of course she would; at the same time, it would be a wrong to humanity; and I count upon dining at least twice a week with Doctor and Mrs. Venne!"

Basil left the decision with Constance, who, though she refused to take the responsibility of such a matter upon her shoulders, showed by the wistful pride in her dark eyes and the tones of her sweet voice, that she felt sure of Basil's success as a London physician, and was ambitious enough to wish for a more extended sphere for his talents; so it was decided that they should settle in town, Basil acting first as Sir Philip's assistant, and eventually as his partner and successor.

Lady Venne certainly was not completely satisfied with the renewal of Basil's engagement, but she gave no sign, and received Miss Jamieson both cordially and kindly; while Mr. Lawrence Venne took her in his arms and kissed the white forehead, telling his son that he could not have given him a sweeter daughter.

The meeting between the young actress and Miss Venne was very quiet; but both showed some emotion, and Constance's kiss spoke of full forgiveness.

"We must love each other, Constance," said Miss Venne wistfully. "We both love him so dearly!"

When she was Mrs. Basil Venne, Constance soon won her husband back to his old affection for his sister; and there was no more welcome visitor at the successful London doctor's great house than "Auntie Nellie."

Mr. Bentley, in his public capacity as manager of the "Vivacity," bemoaned the desertion of his "star," and affirmed that he was irretrievably ruined; but in his private character as a kind and steadfast friend, he rejoiced warmly in Constance's happiness; and the set of ancient jewelry which formed his wedding-present spoke not only for his

acquaintance with the bride's tastes and likings, but for the length of his purse. Constance insisted upon completing her engagement with him, and accepted a warm invitation from Lady Grace Camelford to spend the time intervening between her marriage at Camelford Park.

"I was very angry with you once," said Lady Grace, smiling, as she held out her hand to her visitor and kissed her cheek on arriving. "Come and make me forgive you now by showing me how happy you have made Basil. He looks a different man already; and indeed you owe him some amends, for he has been very unhappy."

It seemed as if the pleasant old courting days had come back, and Basil and Constance wandered about the ground together, and were as foolishly sentimental and happy as two young people can well be. One evening, when they were pacing slow up and down the avenue, Constance told Basil of her midnight visit to Camelford, and what she had seen within the lighted room.

"A courtship *a la* John Alden!" she concluded laughingly. "People say perfect love would make one unselfish, so I could hardly have loved you perfectly; for it almost broke my heart to see you bending over that pretty sweet-looking girl, who looked, even to my jaundiced eyes, worthy even of you!"

"If I had known," said Basil regretfully —"if I had known!"

"I am so thankful you did not," replied Constance, folding one hand over the other, upon his arm. "Hugh wanted to call you, and terrified me by the proposition. Dear Hugh!" she added earnestly, "I cannot tell you what he was to me that night, so gentle and tender, for all the anger which he felt he ought to have towards the woman who had treated his brother shamefully! And I was so weary and benumbed that I think I should never have got back to Janet but for his help. I remember wondering, just before he found me, what you would think if I were found frozen to death in the morning."

"Hush, my child!" he said, hoarsely. "You pain me inexpressibly."

"Forgive me, dear Basil; I did not know! Dearest"—and she clung to him, raising her face lovingly to his—"it makes my present happiness but the greater?"

"I wish I could make you forget the past altogether, Connie," he said. "It shall be the earnest effort of my future life to make you do so."

At Lady Grace's earnest desire and entreaty, the marriage took place from Camelford, although Mr. and Mrs. Bentley pleaded hard for a London wedding. It was a much quieter and less pretentious affair than Everard and Minna's had been; there were fewer bridesmaids and guests, and no after-festivities; but the bride looked lovely in her rich but plain silken robes and lace veil, while the bridegroom's deep joy shone in his dark gray eyes. Jermyn Camelford whispered to Lady Grace that her wish was accomplished at last, for Basil was not merely looking happy, but radiant.

* * * * * * *

Sir Philip Foster showed his usual wisdom when he induced Doctor Venne to come to town. Earnest, devoted men are needed everywhere; and, though the means of doing good are present in all places, Basil finds his means of usefulness much greater in an extended sphere.

His patients are by no means confined to the rich and great, although in many houses of the "upper ten" he is a welcome and honored guest, his name is a household word in many a poor home in the miserable courts and alleys which abound in the East End, and where his wife's sweet face and gentle voice are almost equally familiar.

Hugh Venne often rallies his sister-in-law about their nocturnal meeting in Camelford Park and the glimpse of Everard's proxy courtship which had aroused her "jealousy in love."

A shade will even now cross her fair face at the recollection of that night with its terrible pain and sorrow, that unhappy New Year's Eve.

And, though Basil Venne avers that he would never have loved her so dearly had it not been for the fire through which their love passed, undergoing its refining influence, she often thinks mournfully of her own deception and its bitter fruits.

But, though the bitter fruits are merged now in sweetness, the lesson she strives most to teach to the three sturdy little sons who kneel at her knee night and morning is the necessity of unswerving straightforwardness and the beauty of truth.

[THE END.]

STRANGE VIEWS OF LAW. Right and wrong is, after all, not so much an affair of conscience as of locality. Long after coffee drinking was an established custom in Europe, a schoolmaster in Hesse was sent to prison for drinking it, because the landgrave, disliking it himself, passed a law that none of his subjects should enjoy it. In Texas a man was fined for telling a pretty girl he should like to have kissed her. Evidently in that State a different conviction prevails from that in some. In Illinois, where a justice gave it as a verdict, that "courting is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted, therfore, if a young man wanted to kiss a girl, he might put her father out of the room first if he liked."

THE one great practical truth that ought to be driven over and over again into his own mind by every young man, is that he should not care a button for his likes and dislikes: but should do what ought to be done in spite of any disagreeableness. The lesson of selfdenial is beyond any other in importance.

Much Ado About Nothing.

BY O. C. JAMES.

MRS. CARR stood on the step so as to bring her sweet face on a level with her tall husband for a good-bye kiss. She bent to receive it having mounted still another step, and he turned away.

Effie called him before he took three steps.

"Oh Harry, you know I told you to bring me a pair of black kids, three buttons. I haven't a decent pair to wear to-day. Did you get them?"

"Yes, I believe I've got 'em here somewhere. I forgot to give them to you last night. "Yes, here; no, that's not it, but I've got 'em somewhere."

Harry fumbled, first in one pocket, then in another, and just as a distant whistle sounded, drew out a small parcel in soft buff paper, and tossed it to Effie, hurrying off lest he should get left, and so have to wait for the nine train at last.

Effie caught the little parcel in her hand, and without waiting to look at the gloves, tossed them in her turn on the hall table, and ran upstairs to dress, saying to herself:

"Harry knows my number and the kind I like; I will look at them when I come down."

With brisk fingers she braided her hair, and tricked herself out in a pretty suit of black silk, with a white chip hat, and came tripping down to give some last direction to her stout maid Ann.

"Please come and shut the door after me, Ann," she said, as she passed through the hall, fearing to be late for the train, and took the little packet of gloves from the table, intending to put them on as she went to the station.

Not strict etiquette as little Mrs. Carr well enough knew, but excusable when one is in a hurry to catch the train.

Harry's business was in the city, but they lived a few miles out, going up and down by rail as occasion demanded.

"They didn't put in a box of glove-powder anyhow, for it feels all soft," says Effie, as her pretty fingers unfolded the paper.

What she unwrapped, was not a pair of black kid gloves, but a yard of rich, heavy black, silk-and-chenille fringe nearly two fingers deep.

"My goodness, what a blunder?" exclaimed Effie in vexation. "They've made a mistake and given him some one else's package. Was there ever such luck? Let's see—I told him to go to Mann's—he did of course—he knows I always go there for gloves. Whoever got the gloves will miss the fringe, and go back to change it. I'll go up to Mann's first thing, and return the fringe, and get some gloves."

So keeping her pretty bare hands as much as possible under the folds of her stylish mantle, Effie stepped into the train, took her seat, and dropped the little packet of fringe into her small Russia-leather satchel.

Leaving the station, in the city, she found a seat in a street car, and rode to Mann's.

She went directly to the glove counter, where both she and Harry were well known.

"Good morning, Miss Stone," she said to the young lady who came forward to wait upon her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Carr. Can I show you anything this morning?"

"Yes, please. I think there was a slight mistake made yesterday. Mr. Carr bought a pair of gloves here, didn't he?"

"Let me see," said Miss Stone thoughtfully. "Mr. Carr did make a small purchase here; it was—let—me—see. Oh, I remember now. It was a yard of black fringe like this," and Miss Stone touched a box of fringe exactly similar to the piece in Effie's satchel. "'For a lady's cloak,' he said. Did I not give him the right measure?"

"Oh, yes, the fringe was all right," said Effie, catching her breath and her self-control at once. "But he was to have got gloves too. He thought he did get them, and I supposed perhaps he forgot them and left them here."

"No, I am sure he only made the one purchase, the yard of fringe. Shall I show you some gloves?"

"If you please. Black, three buttons, number six," says Effie coolly.

The gloves were purchased, stretched and put on, and then Madame Effie left the shop; and once outside, alone in the crowd, her wrath blazed.

"For a lady's cloak, was it?" she mused, with sparkling eyes. "Well, it wasn't for mine. That style of fringe is too expensive for me, and Harry Carr knows it. And, oh dear, in the name of goodness, what am I to do?"

Only the fact that she was in the public street kept Mrs. Effie from bursting into the luxury of a good cry, by way of doing the first thing.

Then she finished her shopping, and, for the first time, in her life, went to the station homeward bent, without once brushing her skirts across the doorstep of Harry's office.

It was the four o'clock train she went home by—an hour earlier than Harry's generally came.

But just as the train moved out of the station, a hand touched her shoulder, and a familiar voice said—

"Why, Effie, I've been looking everywhere for you! Was just going down, thinking you had been taken ill and gone home. Where have you been all day?"

"Busy, of course," answered Effie shortly.

Harry settled himself on the seat beside her, where he seemed to suppose he had a right to be, and not noticing the shortness of her answer coolly asked—

"Why didn't you come to the office? I waited till after two o'clock to go to my dinner."

"I didn't want to come!" says Mrs. Effie, so snappishly that he couldn't help noticing.

"Why, what's the matter, Effie?" said he bending lower to look at her averted face. "Where did you get your dinner?"

"There's nothing the matter, and I got my dinner at Jones's," says Effie.

"Did you have good luck with your shopping?" persisted Harry.

"I suppose so."

By this time Harry recognized the fact that Mrs. Effie was decidedly in a pet, and wisely concluded to let her alone.

"She's tired, and has had some little worries to-day," he thought, never guessing that his shortcomings were at the bottom of it.

The station was soon reached, and Harry and Effie walked out as sociably as if there were not about to be a blow-up between them; he assuming her parcels to carry them home, only leaving her the little satchel which society allows a lady anywhere.

Not a word was said, however, until they got home.

Effie went into the parlor, and Harry followed her, depositing his bundles on the table.

"Come now, Effie, kiss and make it up with a fellow," said he, approaching Effie, who was taking off her hat and mantle, and attempting to put his arms around her.

But Effie flung herself away, and stood flashing and panting like an enraged young tigress.

"Don't you touch me, sir! I don't care to be Number Two, if you please, sir!" she breathed, rather than said.

"Jer-e-mi-ah!" cried Harry, in blank amazement. "Beg pardon, Effie, but you do serve it rough on a fellow, when he don't know any more than the dead what's up! Come, now, Effie, you've got to explain."

Her courage was oozing out before Harry's frank, winning tone and manner.

She burst into tears and sobbed out:

"Why—why didn't you give me my—my—gloves this morning?"

"I did—I solemnly swear," protested Harry.

"You meant to, but you—you didn't. It was—this!"

Effie snapped open her satchel, caught the little packet, and flung it at Harry.

He picked it up, unwrapped it, and out tumbled the black fringe.

"Well, that was a little mistake. But surely you are not in such a temper over such a little thing? I've got the gloves here, in some of my pockets, for after I left Mann's I bought 'em," beginning to fumble in his pockets.

"Oh yes, you think it's a little thing. Men all do; but their wives don't. You needn't look for the gloves. I won't have them now. Give 'em to your fine friend, with that silk stuff. Did you buy her a cloak too?"

All this Effie sent forth, flushing, paling, and trembling with anger, while Harry looked on, not at all taking in her meaning.

"You didn't buy the gloves, either," went on Effie, "for the girl at Mann's said you didn't buy anything but the fringe for your—'your fair friend,' I suppose you call her!"

By degrees Harry had taken in her meaning.

At first he took a step forward with a lowering brow.

Then he spoke calmly but sternly—

"Effie Carr, aren't you ashamed to hint such things of your own husband?"

Then the ludicrousness of the situation presented itself to him and he broke into peals of laughter.

"Oh, it's very funny to you," sobbed Effie, "but it's not so funny to me, I tell you! And if anybody ought to be ashamed, it's you, I'm sure."

Harry stopped his laughing, took from his pocket a postal card, and giving it to Effie, said—

"There, Effie, is the best explanation I can give you. Read it."

Effie read on one side the address to Harry's office, on the other side this—

"DEAR BROTHER,—We expect you and Effie to come down on Saturday afternoon and to stay over Sunday, to meet Tom and his wife. Don't fail—we must not be disappointed. Your sister, "LOU.

"P.S.—Please run into Mann's and get a yard of black silk-and-chenille fringe, about two fingers' deep, for cloak trimming, and bring it down with you on Saturday.

"LOU.

Effie read—looked up—turned red—looked beseechingly at Harry, and then there was a little rush of silken robes over the floor, and a much-loving, very much ashamed little woman was sobbing, this time on her husband's shoulder.

Lou got her black fringe, but nobody ever told her the romance of it, and of course she never guessed that there could be any romance in a yard of fringe.

A FAMOUS woman writer says that the waste of time, the waste of strength, and the waste of health which women accept on account of fashion is appalling. The shoes of women have pegs for heels, half way under the foot, on which they walk with a tottering, hobbling gait, like Chinese women. Frills, fringes, cords, straps, buttons, pull backs and flounces, supposed to be ornamental, but which have no other use, burden and deform even our young girls. If the rising generation is to be healthy, there must be a return to simpler, as well as more becoming styles. We need artists who can devise simple and beautiful dresses, which shall secure to the wearer the free and untrammelled use of the whole body.

Bric-a-Brac.

MOURNING COLORS.—The Turks mourn in blue—blue being the emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys. The mourning of the Egyptians is yellow, which represents the color of flowers when they die, and leaves when they fall.

PAPER.—The Chinese make most of their paper from the bamboo, while the Japanese use the bark of the paper mulberry. The India paper, used by artists and engravers for proof, is made of bamboo, and comes from China. The Chinese are rocked in bamboo cradles when young, fed with bamboo, and beaten with it when they are growing up. They live under it in their houses, and, in fact, without bamboo one can scarcely understand how a Chinese population can exist.

COSSACK FISHING.—The Cossacks on some of the rivers in Russia have a singular method of catching the finny tribe in winter. They cut a long trench across a river when frozen, and run a net from one bank to the other; then, riding several miles up the stream, they form a line across the frozen surface and gallop their horses down towards the nets. The fish, hearing the noise and clutter of a thousand hoofs, become frightened, dart in the opposite direction, and are thus entangled in the trammels.

QUEER SLEEPING PLACES.—A policeman seeing a houseless young man asleep in a second-hand refrigerator marked "for sale" said he had seen men sleep in queerer places than that. He had seen regularly a sleeper in an old coffin which an undertaker used for a sign. One morning he found a corpse in it and then the undertaker put it in the window. In a side street, where stood a long train of business wagons, every one was found packed full of sleeping men like sardines in a box—all homeless and houseless.

SON AND DAUGHTER.—An Arabian scholar who lives in France has disclosed the curious fact that Bou Amena, in the literal meaning of the words that composed his name, declares to the world that he is the father of his own daughter. This scholar says it is a common thing for an Arabian chief to style himself the father of his son, but the same pride in regard to a daughter is rare. The name of the daughter in this case is Amena, and "Bou" stands for the word "father." The mother of Mohammed the Prophet was named Amena.

A TERRIBLE BATTLE.—One of the most terrible battles of history was fought in 1314, one summer day at Bannockburn, in Scotland. The English army of 100,000 men, under Edwin II., was totally defeated by the Scots, 30,000, under Bruce. The loss of the English was 154 earls, barons and knights, 700 gentlemen, and upwards of 10,000 common soldiers. This vast slaughter was effected by battle axes, swords, spears, and other weapons of the feudal and neighboring eras. King Robert Bruce, with his own hand, destroyed a large number of men.

PRECIOUS DIRT.—Great care is taken in the shops of jewelers and others where articles are manufactured of gold to prevent the waste of the precious metal. Every scrap of filing, scraping, or grinding is preserved for the assayer. The buff wheels on which gold or silver are polished, when they are worn out, are burned, and the fire soon develops fine particles of the precious metals that cannot be seen with the naked eye. Even the sweepings of the shops are kept, and are worth about $70 a barrel after the most scrupulous care has been taken to prevent stray pieces getting into it. It is said that the Scotch assayers are most successful. Sometimes assayers will buy the sweepings of a shop at a given price per barrel, taking the risk of what they will yield.

THE TRADING RAT.—A curious statement is made about the trading rat, which is one of the most unique and interesting animals met with in the Rocky Mountains. The miners of the region declare that although these rats enter houses, camps and mines, and take things that do not belong to them, they never take an article without leaving something in its place. They conduct a trade, and hence their name; they enter dwellings at night and steal anything they can find, carrying away spoons, knives and forks, but invariably leaving a chip, stick or stone, in place of each article taken away. The miners look upon the uncanny dealings of these precocious animals with superstition almost amounting to awe, and tell many a wonderful story of their finesse, and the length to which they carry their depredation, but the predominant quality with which they invest them is the faculty of trading or exchanging alluded to.

FINGER RINGS.—In case of a gentleman wishing to marry—literally in the heart-market—he wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left (or heart) hand. When success attends his suit and he is actually engaged, the ring goes to the second finger. After marriage it passes to the third finger. If, however, the gent desires to tell the fair ones that he not only is not "in the market," but he does not design to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger, and all the ladies may understand that he is out of their reach. With the fair sex the "laws of the ring" are: A plain or chased ring on the little finger of the right hand implies "not engaged," or, in plainer words, "ready for proposals, sealed or otherwise." When engaged the ring passes to the first finger of the left hand. When married the third finger receives it. If the fair one proposes to defy all siege to her heart she places the ring on her first and fourth fingers—one on each, like two charms to keep away the tempter.

SUMMER.

BY F. E. F.

I've come along with a bounding pace,
To finish the work that Spring began;
I've left them all with a brighter face—
The flowers in the vales through which I've run.

I have hung festoons from laburnum-trees,
And clothed the lilac, the birch and broom;
I've awakened the sound of humming bees,
And decked all Nature in brighter bloom.

I've roused the laugh of the playful child,
And tired it out in the sunny noon;
All Nature at my approach hath smiled,
And I've made fond lovers seek the moon.

For this is my life, my glorious reign,
And I'll queen it well in my leafy bower;
All shall be bright in my rich domain;
I'm queen of the leaf, the bud, and the flower.

And I'll reign in triumph till Autumn-time
Shall conquer my green and verdant pride;
Then I'll hie me to another clime,
Till I'm called again as a sunny bride.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

I FOUND that the whole of Lord Lulworth's household were uneasy and anxious about their mistress.

The faithful old housekeeper came in for her orders and ventured to express an opinion that her ladyship must be careful.

The other servants looked at her with eyes full of grave and deep concern; one could see that they were all anxious and unhappy.

It was so strange to have her ladyship ill; all the brightness seemed to have left the house.

One day at luncheon Lord Lulworth expressed his intention of remaining for the whole afternoon with his wife; but her ladyship would not hear of it. He must have his usual ride or he would be ill, she told him. She would be quite happy—Gabriel would read to her; so shortly afterward he left us together.

I placed her couch near the window, and sat down on a low stool by her side.

"I am afraid I shall read you to sleep, Lady Lulworth," I said.

She smiled and held out her hand to me. I held it in mine while I read.

It was a book of poems she had given to me; and I remembered so well how beautiful one ballad seemed to me—the very title charmed me, "He Loved Me Once."

I read it. When I had finished she made no comment.

Looking at her, I saw that she had turned her face from me to the window, that her eyes were closed, her lips pale and trembling, while tears fell silently down her cheeks.

I thought that shedding those tears might perhaps chase away the sorrow that seemed to have fastened upon her.

I did not wait until she spoke, but I turned over the pages of the book and read other words that seemed very eloquent to me.

She laid her hand on my arm, and there was a look of terror on her pale face.

"Stop, Gabriel," she said; "I cannot bear it. You must not read such sad lines to me. I am not strong; I cannot listen to them."

I put the book aside and talked to her. I told her what I thought—that all poetry, no matter how sweet, was sad—that the keynote of life, after all, is pain.

She answered that some suffered much more pain than others, and were less able to bear it, were more sensitive, more keenly alive to it.

Looking at her, remembering her brilliancy and beauty, I wondered what she should know of pain.

She guessed what were my thoughts.

"You think like many others, Gabriel, that I know nothing of pain; but I have had my share, and am not without some now. There are times when I cannot bear the sound of a word. You must not read any more to me until I am stronger, Gabriel."

"I must do something for you," I said. I was inexpressibly touched by the pathos with which she spoke. "Let me sing for you, Lady Lulworth."

As the idea seemed to please her, I went to the piano; but I was not happy in my inspiration or choice of a song.

I sang from memory; and the first ballad that occurred to me was the sweet, sad strain of "Douglas," the grand old Scotch song that has stirred so many hearts and filled so many eyes with tears. I admired the words so much:

"All other men are to me like shadows,"

It was my ideal of a woman's love. Then came the verse that I liked most.

"Stretch out your hands to me, Douglas, Douglas;
Drop down forgiveness from heaven like dew."

The last word was on my lips, when a warm white arm stole round my neck, and her ladyship laid her golden head on mine. Hot tears fell from her eyes on my face. I felt the trembling of her whole frame as she clung to me, weeping as surely never woman wept before.

"Hush!" she sobbed. "Oh, Gabriel, that means him! In my heart I have always called him Douglas, so tender, so true; in my heart I have always cried out to him to stretch out his hands and say that he has forgiven me; and now that you should sing the very words! My mad folly has come home to me at last!"

Clinging to me, she wept hysterically and murmured passionate words that I could not understand.

I was distressed at such a tempest of sorrow; it seemed to me that my whole heart went out to her in loving pity and sympathy.

"Heaven has brought it home to me at last, Gabriel?" she said.

I did not understand what she meant.

She held me with trembling hands and wept bitterly.

"I must tell you, Gabriel—I must tell you now. Heaven will not let me keep the secret of my life any longer. I must do justice."

And, before I could prevent it, she was kneeling at my feet, her beautiful, despairing face raised to mine. She began to tell me something; but I would not listen.

"No," I said—"not like that. Whatever you have to say to me, dearest lady, let it be said as becomes your high position."

I raised her with loving words. I would not listen; I believed honestly that her emotion was but a phase of hysteria, that it was the result of overstrung nerves.

I soothed her and told her that I could not listen just then, that we must go out into the fresh air, that that would do her good.

She looked at me with the saddest smile I have ever seen on human face.

"My dearest Gabriel," she said, "I see what you think. You think I am weak and hysterical. It is not so. There is something that I must tell you. Heaven wills it; everything points to it. It is a secret the keeping of which now is killing me, eating my heart away, destroying my life like a horrible cancer—a secret which concerns you and me!"

I remember that even then my chief concern was for herself. I did not ask how the secret affected me; I thought only of her.

She recovered herself in a few moments, and over her beautiful face came a look of calm resolve. Taking my hands in hers, she said:

"Come with me and hear what I have to say. I am neither mad nor dreaming. I am sane and sensible as you are, Gabriel; but I have a strange story to tell you."

Holding one of my hands clasped in hers, she took me to her boudoir, a little gem of a room in the western wing, a room hung with blue satin and white lace.

"No one will interrupt us here," she said.

I placed a chair for her near the flowers at the window and seated myself on a footstool by her side.

There are solemn moments in life, but none other could ever be so solemn as that was. All the vague sweet love for her that had filled my heart from the time I was a child seemed to grow into vigorous life as her beautiful face was bent over me and her sweet eyes looked into mine. She put her arm round my neck and drew me nearer to her.

"Gabriel," she said—and the low, earnest voice filled with awe—"in my girlhood I committed a great folly. You must understand that it was neither shameful nor sinful, but merely a sweet, delicious, short-lived folly. For one week in my life I was happy beyond description; and I have suffered for it ever since. I must begin at the beginning and tell you the story of my life from the time when a young, happy, light-hearted girl, I met and loved Captain Lewis Carlisle until now, when I stand before you humbled, repentant, and praying Heaven not to punish me too severely for my folly and its concealment."

No words could express my intense surprise and emotion during the recital of her story. She told me of her girlish love and worship of her young hero, of her willingness to give up everything to please him, of her one week of perfect bliss with him, of her hopes of a long, bright life with him, and of the sudden, terrible death which seemed to be the end of all life for her.

It was a sad, sweet, simple love-story, told with such eloquence and pathos as must have touched a heart of stone—told with raining tears and bitter sighs.

I cannot set down what I thought and felt. I only know that I sat stupefied as I realized at last that I was her own son, the son of the beautiful, gracious lady whom I had loved all my life. Now I could understand the mysterious attraction she had always had for me. No wonder that I understood her better than anyone else when I was her own son!

I shall never forget the cry that came from her lips as she told me this. She held out her arms to me, kissed me, and then drew my head down upon her breast.

"My darling, my son," she said, brokenly, "I have never held you here since you were a child."

She kissed me again and again with a very passion of tenderness and love.

"You are like your father, Gabriel," she said. "You have the same brows and the same lips. Ah, if you could have seen him! He was so handsome, so brave, so tender and true, like the Douglas of old! I have seen no other man like him. If you could but have seen him, Gabriel! When you were born, Gabriel," she went on, "it seemed to me as though Heaven had sent you to comfort me. I used to sit nursing you for long hours together, wishing that your father could have seen you. I loved you so, my darling! How often I prayed that I might die with you in my arms rather than live without you! But you understand, Gabriel, do you not, that my aunt acted as she did for the best?"

"Yes, I understood," I told her; but I could not recover from my amazement that I was her son.

"May I call you 'Mother' once—only once," I said, "to make it seem more natural to me?"

"I shall never have heard a word so sweet!" she answered.

"May I kiss your hands, mother?" I asked; and, bending my head over them, I kissed them passionately.

I could never tire of saying that one word "Mother." Ah, was ever mother so sweet, so gracious as mine? I could only look into the beautiful face and say to myself over and over again that I was her son.

She was silent at last, and let me caress her as much as I pleased.

"You must remember, mother," I said, "that I have to make up for a whole lifetime of love."

I told her how I had always loved her, and how I had felt that she was different from every other woman.

She tried to calm my excitement, and begged me to listen, for she had much to say. Oh, my dear and beautiful mother, I could have sat there listening to your voice forever!

"I want you to understand, Gabriel," she said, "how it was that my aunt wished me to conceal my marriage. I was so young, and your father was supposed to be on the point of marriage with Lady Mary. During my illness she had attended his funeral as chief mourner, and afterward she wore deep mourning for him. Lady Kilmore thought that after all this it would cause great scandal to proclaim a secret marriage.

"I have often thought since then, if she had known that Heaven was giving you to me, she would have acted differently—she would have made my marriage known instead of concealing it. She was in dreadful distress when she knew all; but she helped me through a trial such as few could undergo, helped me on condition that I kept my secret faithfully, and that my marriage should never be known. I swore to her it should be so. Had my wishes only been consulted, I should have preferred to spend the rest of my life unmarried, devoting all my time to you; but I had disappointed her so deeply that I was bound to try to atone for it. So, when she urged me to marry Lord Lulworth, I did so; and this pleased her so much that she forgave me altogether. Perhaps in the circumstances she was right in thinking that, even had she published my marriage, few, if any, would have believed it. Ah, Gabriel, the world is full of pain; but there can be none so great, none so terrible, as that which I felt when they told me that your father was dead, and I was left to bear the result of my folly and the burden of my secret alone! Do I repent now of the price I have paid for one brief week of happiness? Heaven knows I do not!

"I love Lord Lulworth. My love is founded on esteem, respect, admiration for his noble qualities; but I loved Lewis Carlisle with the fervor of love's young dream. Nor could I tell you, Gabriel, what it cost me to leave you. My life was wrapped up in you. I prayed my aunt time after time to let me live with you and give up all hope of a grand marriage; but she was inflexible. That was the debt I owed her; and I must pay it, she said. She was exceedingly kind. You know how she loves society and the world. Well, she gave up a whole year to me; she let me keep you with me, my baby, my darling, for a whole year. I cannot even now bear to remember what I suffered when I parted from you. I found that unless I could see you at times I could not live.

"Then the idea occurred to me that you might come with Jane Holmes to Langton Wolde and pass as her adopted child—a plan that succeeded perfectly, as you know, the only drawback being that I did not like to conceal the story from my good and noble husband. Several times I implored Lady Kilmore to release me from my promise and let me tell him; but she would never consent. She said that the difficulties, which had seemed insuperable at first, were greater now that the child was well-provided for, and that there was no need to open up what would be a great scandal. She held me to my promise to her, and she would not release me. When Jane Holmes brought you to Langton Wolde, and the earl was so charmed with you, it was with the utmost difficulty that I refrained from telling him who you really were. 'I longed from my very heart to say, 'This is my son, Godfrey;' but the recollection of my solemn promise kept me silent. The time has come when that promise binds me no longer; my honor and conscience bid me speak. I have not been happy, Gabriel. I love my husband with a great affection, with a most reverential love; and the knowledge that I have been keeping such a secret from him has not tended to make me happy, no matter how bright and gay were the scenes in which I mingled. This secret always hung like a black cloud over me; nothing has elated me. The knowledge of my secret has always weighed me down. The only time I was ever happy was when I was at Langton Wolde and could see you every day; then, when by the greatness of my affection I could in some measure atone to you, I was more at ease.

"And, my darling," she continued, with a loving caress, "you cannot think how it eased my heart and made me happy when the earl evinced so much affection for you, when he offered to educate you, and took the burden of your future on himself. Then I believed that Heaven was befriending me. I began to recover my spirits and vivacity; and I said to myself that, if the earl adopted you, you would be even better provided for than if I had owned you as my son. Lady Kilmore, too, promised me that she would leave you the bulk of her fortune in such a manner that no one should know it came from her.

"I saw you growing up clever, talented—ah, I must not tell you all that I thought about you! I saw you doing so well in every way, that I ceased almost to feel the wrong I was doing in withholding from you the secret of your birth. But, after my other children came, I found myself always contrasting your fate with that of little Ru. I thought even more of you after the birth of those children than I had thought before."

"You were always good to me," I cried, kissing the gentle hands that clasped my own. "You could not have been kinder!"

"I am not sure of that, Gabriel," she replied; and she sat for some minutes in silence, with a far-away look in her eyes.

I ventured to ask her then the question which puzzled me—why, after keeping this secret for so many years, she had told me now. She looked at me with a sudden start.

"I had almost forgotten," she said. "Oh, Gabriel, I don't think my head will ever be right again! I had almost overlooked the chief thing for which I brought you here? Can you not guess what it is?"

"No—unless it was to tell me this sad story of ours. But I do not understand why you tell it to me now, after keeping it secret for so long."

"Because, my dearest Gabriel, a strange thing has happened—something so wonderful that I can discern nothing less than the interposition of Heaven in it. You remember what the earl read to us of that terrible calamity to the Ardean family?"

"Yes," I replied; and I was startled to find how near the truth I had been when I imagined that this had made her ill.

She looked at me earnestly.

"Do you remember the words of the paragraph?" she asked.

I told her that I had merely retained a general impression of the matter, that a whole family had been suddenly cut off, and that Cyril Ardean, was now the head of a noble race. I did not think of myself at all in connection with the affair.

"My dearest Gabriel," continued my mother, "do you remember the words to this effect—'Had that promising young officer, Captain Lewis Carlisle, been living, he would, as next of kin, have succeeded to the title and estate; but as he died unmarried, both pass to Mr. Cyril Ardean, a distant relative of Lord Ardean'? Now, do you understand, Gabriel?"

I scarcely dared to put into words the thoughts that came to me. I could scarcely realize what my mother's speech meant.

She looked at me more earnestly, more anxiously.

"Gabriel, do you not see it?"

"I dare not say what I think!" I cried. My breath came with difficulty, my heart beat so quickly that I was almost suffocated. "I think I understand," I said. "My father was Captain Lewis Carlisle, and, had he been living, he would have been Lord Ardean."

"Yes," she said; "but you must go even further than that, Gabriel. You know that, if Captain Carlisle had left any children, the eldest son would have succeeded to the title and estate."

I felt dazed and giddy, as though I were dreaming and should wake soon to find it but a dream. Even my mother's voice came to me as though from afar.

"Captain Lewis Carlisle," Lady Lulworth went on, "left one son, Gabriel; and that son is yourself."

I was silent for a few minutes; in truth, I could not speak. At last I cried:

"Then I—I——" But my voice failed me; I could say no more.

"You are Lord Ardean," said my mother. "You, and no other, are the rightful heir to the title and estate."

Then we were both silent for some time.

I still felt bewildered. I had never thought of myself as anything more than the lowly-born child of the kind hearted woman at the south lodge at Langton Wolde, the *protege* of the earl and countess, educated by charity; and now suddenly to find myself possessor of one of the finest estates was enough to upset even stronger nerves than mine.

I buried my face in my hands and tried to think. Speedily came thoughts of Lady May. Now I was free to win her. It was my obscurity and poverty that had prevented me from entering the lists before. My case was different now. Lord Ardean could do what Gabriel Holmes had scarcely presumed to dream of. We were equal now—Heaven be praised and thanked! and I might win her if I could.

My mother touched my bowed head gently with her hand.

"It is a great surprise, almost a shock, for you, Gabriel," she said; "but we have much to consider yet. I have told you my secret, which is also yours; but we have yet to think whether it can be revealed to the world or not. I have revealed everything, because my sense of honor toward you would not let me rest. I could not tell you all that I have suffered since my husband read that sad news to me; the knowledge that my silence was keeping you from your birthright has almost killed me. The doctor spoke truly when he said that my suffering was mental rather than physical. I could not have lived and kept this hidden from you any longer. Let me tell you the whole truth, Gabriel, my son. Had this tragedy not occurred in the Ardean family, I should never have told you. The promise I had given my aunt and the fear I have of my husband would have restrained me. I should never have told you but for this question of your birthright. Knowing what is rightly yours, it would have been unjust not to disclose the facts; but, Gabriel, although I have told you everything, you are not compelled to claim what is yours. Tell me now, my son, what is dearest to you in all the world?"

"My mother and her fair fame," I replied.

I shall never forget the tender light that came over her face.

"I knew it," she said. "Oh, thank Heaven! I put all my trust in you; and my trust has not been in vain."

Then I began to see that my mother had told me the truth to ease her own conscience, as well as from a high sense of honor, but that she did not wish me to make my claim public.

I always loved Lady Lulworth; I had said over and over again that I would give my life for her. I had lain awake at night, thinking of a hundred different ways in which, insignificant as I was, I might be of use to her; and now I saw before me a grand chance of serving her which entailed almost as great a sacrifice as life itself. I put my arms round her neck.

"Mother," I said—for I loved the word—"will you listen to me? I thank you for having trusted me; I thank you and bless you for having loved me always so truly and so well; but I shall take no advantage of your trust. Let me show you how I love you. I most willingly and cheerfully forego my birthright rather than let you be distressed or made unhappy, rather than let the faintest shadow fall upon the dear name that every one loves and honors. I will be Gabriel Holmes always; and none but you and I, mother, dearest, need ever know our secret."

It was worth any sacrifice to see her beautiful face brighten, to feel the clasp of her dear arms round me, to hear her whispered words of love and gratitude.

"I knew you would say that, my son," she whispered, her head bent over mine. "I knew that the one thing dearest to you on earth would be your mother and her fair fame. I am not deceived in you. So you will renounce all for love of me, Gabriel?"

"I would renounce twice as much," I cried.

"You know, Gabriel, that you are Lord Ardean; are you content to remain Gabriel Holmes for love of me?" she said.

"Quite content," I answered.

"You know the princely revenues of Barton Abbey, the grand old house itself, with its treasures of art, are yours; are you willing to forego it all and remain secretary at a small salary for love of me?"

"Yes, sweet mother mine," I answered; for what had the whole word to offer me in comparison with her love?

"If you were Lord Ardean of Barton Abbey, with a rent-roll of twenty thousand per annum, you could—oh, Gabriel, listen! you could woo and win Lady May Flemyng. Are you content, for love of me, to forego this and to stand by while another wins her?"

That was the crucial test. Money, title, houses and lands had been easy to give up; but my love, my beautiful darling! I looked at my mother's face, the fair, proud woman who had humbled herself to me; and then I answered, gently:

"Yes, I would give up even that, the dearest love and wish of my heart, for you, my mother."

"You mean it, Gabriel?"

"I will prove it by doing my best to forget from this moment everything you have told me," I said; and my mother knelt down in silence, while I stood by her side.

It was all over, I said to myself, the great temptation of my life. I thought of the wealth and title justly mine; I thought of the love of Lady May. Life wore a different aspect. Love and hope must not dwell in my heart, the sweet old dreams must not come back to me. The first consideration must be my mother; and as she knelt there in silence my heart yearned to her. I pictured her a beautiful, loving girl who had made a great hero of my father, who had had one week of intense happiness followed by a lifetime of pain. I thought of all her love, her constant care and tenderness for me. Ah, I would have given a hundred lives, I would have sacrificed a hundred earldoms, rather than cause her one moment's uneasiness or pain!

Not for me should she bare this cruel wound of hers to the world's eyes; not for me should that secret be brought to light; not for me should those dear eyes weep bitter tears. As my father's love had brought with it a legacy of woe, I would bring comfort and consolation. So far as lay in my power, I would atone to her for the pain that this love had caused her. All selfish hopes and dreams faded away as I stood by my mother's side, her champion and defender, ready to live or die for her.

The silence had lasted some time, when I said:

"Mother, what are you thinking of?"—for she was kneeling still, with her face buried in her hands.

"I am thanking Heaven," she replied, "for having given me so noble a son."

She rose then, and, standing before me, laid her hands on my shoulders and looked straight into my face.

"You mean every word you have said to me, Gabriel? It is not too late yet to recede."

"From the bottom of my heart, mother!" I answered.

"You will sacrifice all for my sake, child—title, estates, everything?" she asked.

"Yes—well content, sweet mother, to have your love in return," I replied.

"You will not regret it in the after years, Gabriel, and wish that you had claimed your own?"

"I shall never regret it, mother."

"You will never think that I have been selfish in letting you make this sacrifice, Gabriel?"

"Never," was my reply. "You could not be selfish, mother, if you tried."

"And, if I asked you this moment to give me your most solemn promise that not one word of what I have revealed to you should ever be known, you would give it to me?"

"I would give it most freely. I will take any oath, however solemn, this moment," I answered.

"We understand each other quite clearly, Gabriel? At this moment, in strict honor and justice, you are Lord Ardean; but, for love of me, you are willing to forego all, to remain Gabriel Holmes all your life. Is it so?"

"Yes, I am quite willing, and shall never repent it. I shall be pleased and happy to prove my love for you."

She fell upon my neck with a little low cry that I shall never forget.

"I thank heaven," she cried, "for giving me so noble a son!"

As she caressed me I felt that my sacrifice was small indeed.

"You are very good, Gabriel," she said; "but my dearest son, I would not take advantage of your generosity. Still, I will ask of you this one favor. If you cannot discover the legal proofs of my marriage, do not claim the estates; but, if you do find them, let me know, and I will render you all the help I can; and, for your dear sake, I will bear all that follows."

But I did not wish this. I spoke the honest sentiments of my heart when I begged her to let the matter die. She was quite determined.

"I was only trying you, Gabriel," she said; "I did not mean it. I wondered how much you did love me, and how far you would sacrifice yourself for me. I never meant to accept the sacrifice, Gabriel. You have lost enough—you must not lose more. Let us see what can be done. The only living witness of our marriage is Jane Holmes. Her evidence, with the entry in the church register, will be enough."

"Will there be any difficulty in finding the legal proof," I asked.

"I do not know, Gabriel. The minister who married us is dead. I know he died about three weeks after our marriage. My aunt always said that there would be great difficulty in proving it; and that, I believe, was one of the chief reasons why she wished me to keep it secret. We will make the arrangements, Gabriel, and leave the issue to Heaven. You will do your best to obtain a copy of the marriage registration; armed with that you shall make your claim. But the first thing to be done, when you have secured it, will be to tell all to the earl. He will be angry at first—perhaps disinclined to forgive; but I have done no actual wrong—the concealment of my first marriage was nothing very sinful. And he is so just so, generous, that I do not despair of his pardon."

She bent her head lower as she added:

"If you cannot obtain the legal proof, then you must be generous, Gabriel, and forego your claim. I can never tell my husband my story unless I go to him with a copy of the registration of my first marriage in my hand."

"You shall not go without it, mother. If you wish me to search for it, I will do so to please you, not for my own sake. If it will give you the least happiness, I will do my best."

"It will please me, Gabriel," she replied. "I should like to see my son in his rightful place—I should like to see you happy. I have often thought that, if your father knew what I had done—how I had kept my marriage and your birth a secret—he would be very angry. In my heart I have asked him a thousand times to forgive me. See, Gabriel—this was my wedding-ring; I have worn it so ever since he died."

She drew a narrow ribbon from her neck, and, opening a small locket, showed me a wedding-ring fastened inside it and gave it to me; I kissed it with tears in my eyes.

"You will see the church where we were married, Gabriel," she said. "There is a large stained-glass window above the altar, with a representation of the Crucifixion—I remember it so well. When the sun shines on it, the shadow of the cross falls in front of the altar. When I was married the shadow fell just where I stood. I told your father it was an ill-omen; but he laughed, and would not believe it."

"Nor will I, sweet mother," I said. "Nothing could be ill-omened which has given me so dear a mother."

"Nothing could be ill-omened which has given me so dear a son," she replied, quickly.

"Did Lady Kilmore ever try to find the register in which your marriage was recorded?" I asked.

"My memory is not quite clear on that point," she added. "When I told her the story of my marriage, she was in great distress, and the first thing she did was to examine and cross-examine my maid. I have some idea that she went herself to Norham, and could find no entry at all; and that was the principal reason why she was so anxious that the marriage should be kept a profound secret—there was nothing in the way of proof but Jane's word and mine. I am not quite sure, but I think that my aunt and Jane went to Norham together. I have an impression on my mind that the register could not be found."

"You would not like to ask Lady Kilmore anything about it?"

"No; I should not wish her to know that I have told you about my marriage. She was never willing for you to know. But you must have justice, Gabriel, even should she be ever so displeased. And now, my dear, when will you start?"

"I have three weeks' holiday," I replied. "I had better go at once; I shall perhaps have to spend several days at Norham."

"Gabriel," said my mother, blushing, "you will want money. Will you take this?" and she tried to slip a purse into my hand.

How proud I was to be able to refuse it—to tell her that I had saved some money! And I believe honestly that she was quite as proud of my independence.

"When will you start?" she asked me again.

I told her that it would not be prudent for me to go at once, that I had better let a day or two pass, so that the earl might imagine that I had received letters calling me away.

"I must bear the suspense as patiently as I can," she said. "But, after all the present uncertainty, is as nothing when compared with the pain of the past. Gabriel, before we part, kiss me again, and tell me you are pleased to have found your mother at last."

Pleased! That was a poor word to express my delight. I told her that which made her heart glad, and her face bright.

The entrance of the earl prevented further speech.

"Oh, you are here, Hilary?" he cried. "Why, I have searched everywhere for you?"

He went up to his wife, and kissed her lovingly, looking anxiously at the beautiful face.

"You are better, my darling," he said, with a smile. "Gabriel has taken care of you. I believe that he is the best nurse amongst us. Your eyes are quite bright again—I am so pleased to see it! I shall begin to think that Sir James was wrong after all."

She did look wonderfully better—the care-worn expression had left her face. She smiled at his kindly words.

"Gabriel has been the best physician," she said. "But you must not be jealous, Godfrey."

"No; I am too pleased and contented," he replied. "Gabriel can do no greater service to me than in helping to make you well. I forgot to tell you, Hilary, that I had a letter this morning from the new Lord Ardean. He will be passing near here to-morrow, on his way to one of his estates, and asks permission to call and pay his respects to you and Lady May. He evidently does not know that she is away."

What a strange coincidence! I looked at my mother, and she looked at me.

It was quite natural. During the earl's stay in London, Cyril had grown very intimate with the occupants of Helme House.

Lord Lulworth liked him, enjoyed talking with him, and was greatly interested in him. He had urged him, if he should ever find himself in their neighborhood, not to omit paying them a visit.

The earl had noticed the startled expression on Lady Lulworth's face when he had mentioned Lord Ardean's name, and doubtless it was because the idea of a visitor in her delicate state of health was not pleasing to her.

"It is unfortunate," he said, "that he should be coming just now. You are not well enough to receive visitors, Hilary. Shall I write and put him off?"

"Let him come," she said. "It will not fatigue me. You must entertain him, Godfrey—you and Gabriel. I like Cyril very much. He will be disappointed, though, at not seeing Lady May."

Then the earl left us.

My mother turned to me, excitedly.

"Gabriel," she cried, "tell me what you see in this."

"A strange coincidence," I replied.

"No, it is more than that—much more. It is the interposition of Heaven. When the earl mentioned his name, it seemed to me as though Heaven had spoken. Oh, Gabriel, how will it all end?"

I tried to soothe her, knowing that it was dangerous to let her agitate herself, and that all excitement was bad for her; but she was restless, with a strange, feverish restlessness quite foreign to the stately mistress of Langton Wolde.

"Gabriel," she said—"you know the earl so well, and you understand him—do you think that he will be very angry with me; do you think he will forgive me? What will he say to me for having kept this secret from him for so many years?"

I did my best to console her. I told her that he would be sure at first to feel hurt, not because she had done anything wrong, but because she had kept such a secret from him; but that afterward, when he had had time to think the matter over, he would see that it was her misfortune, not her fault, that she was more sinned against than sinning, he would remember her youth, and love her the better because she had suffered. Truly he would forgive her.

At length she became calmer. I saw the blue eyes close and the golden head droop, and I knew by her regular breathing that she was asleep. Sleep was most precious to her; it was the first she had had for a long time. I sat by her; once or twice the earl came into the room, and seemed pleased to see her sleeping so gently. I could not tell what my emotions were like as I watched by the side of this graceful, idolized woman, and realized that she was indeed my mother, that she had cradled me in her arms, loved me as she loved Ru and Rose. I could scarcely believe it; yet, when the story of my life came before me, I saw how the mother's love had never failed me, and never would. How beautiful she was! But what lines of care and pain had begun to show on her face since the day when the earl had read the account of the accident to her.

I was her son. I had often wondered why she was so kind and good to me, but not the faintest idea that I was even distantly related to her ever occurred to me.

After a little while Lady Lulworth awoke and, by the earl's advice, went to her room—he thought she had tried her strength quite enough—and then I was free to muse over the wonders that the day had brought to me. My reflections were interrupted by the children, who came running in, crying out that I must play with them. Ru had some new reins with pretty bells, and wanted Rose to be a horse; but she stoutly objected. Would I wear the reins and let him drive me?

Quite a new feeling came over me when I raised the child in my arms. He was my mother's son also! We were brothers! This little golden-haired boy who had climbed upon my knee and sat there so patiently waiting, was my own brother—and I had regretted so often that I had no brother. The little fairy in the white dress and blue ribbons was my own sister—my little sister Rose. I took both of them in my arms and kissed them with most tender love.

"I don't want to be kissed," cried Ru; "I want you to be my horse!"

"So I will," I replied; and so I fastened the pretty scarlet reins on my arms. I made up my mind that so long as I lived I would be the kindest of brothers to them.

Ru enjoyed himself to his heart's content. He little dreamed of the love for him that was filling my heart. I could not help saying:

"Would you like a big brother, Ru?"

"Yes, to be a horse," was the consoling reply; but Rose cried:

"Yes, like you, to love you, Gabriel?"

The idea that I had a brother and a sister was most fascinating to me. I could scarcely tear myself away from the children.

Even should I never find the object of my search, I should be happier. It was something to have that gifted, graceful woman for my mother, to know that she loved me with the greatest love, to feel that I was really not alone in the world, that I had kith and kin as had other people. Then it occurred to me that I had never really felt toward Jane Holmes as though she were my own mother. She had been good and kind to me, and I had always treated her with tender affection; but there had been no particular tie between us. She had been more like a nurse than a mother; the love for Lady Lulworth which had been in my heart as long back as I could remember had been quite different.

Now, too, that I could collect my thoughts, a thousand things came home to me. This was the secret of her ladyship's liking for me; and she naturally enough had influenced the earl—that was why he had taken so great an interest in me. I wondered then that I had not guessed something of the truth before.

Lord Ardean came, as the earl had said, and I was much struck by his appearance. He did not at all look like a man who had just succeeded to a fine estate, a large rent-roll and a grand old title. He looked very sad and ill.

Lady Lulworth and I both thought he had come with the expectation of seeing Lady May Flemyng; but afterward, when we were discussing him, my mother informed me that Lady May had refused him. He had told her all.

"I do not understand him, Gabriel," observed my darling mother. "He does not look either pleased or happy."

"He looks exceeding ill," I said.

"Yes; but I think that it is caused by his great disappointment about Lady May—he loved her very much. What a strange thing it seems, Gabriel, that you should both love her, the true and the false Lord Ardean! How strange it is that you should be rivals in every way! Evidently he did not come to see Lady May, then."

But on the day after his arrival we knew why he had come. He said to me:

"Gabriel, will you come out and have a cigar with me? I want to speak to you."

When we were out of doors, he said:

"I want to ask you a great favor; grant it if you can. Come home with me. I am going to Barton Abbey, and I cannot endure the thought of going alone; it quite unnerves me. Will you come?"

He little knew how he had startled me. I could scarcely answer him. If I found what I was going in search of, Barton Abbey would be mine, not his. How could I, in those circumstances, go with him? It would seem as though I were a spy. The bare idea of it was most hateful to me. Yet he urged me so earnestly that it was difficult to refuse. I told him that I would think the matter over and tell him my decision later on.

"Gabriel, do oblige me," he said. "I came here purposely to ask you. I have always liked you; I have always felt inclined to beg of you to be my friend. Now let me ask you, as I have never asked you before."

In my dilemma I went to my mother and told her all. She, like myself, felt that it would be undesirable in the circumstances. My mother's face grew anxious and grave.

"I do not like it," she said, candidly; "but he seems so ill and so miserable. Perhaps you had better go, Gabriel. For you it will be going home."

I told her that no place would ever be like home to me unless she were there.

The earl expressed some surprise when he heard that I was to accompany Lord Ardean; but when he found how urgent his lordship was that I should go with him, he said no more. The young lord seemed most pleased and grateful.

The day on which we started was bright and fine. My mother said to me that the bright sunshine was a good omen for me.

"I hope you will find the registration of the marriage," she said, looking at me with loving eyes. "I cannot bear to see another in your place."

We departed early in the morning; and the last thing I saw as I started on this the most momentous journey of my life, was the beautiful face of my mother as she smiled a blessing upon me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAD I BUT KNOWN.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

Had I but known in other days
All the deep anguish of thy heart,
I would have scorned for thy dear sake
The coquette's art.
No cause hadst thou to speak of me
Save as a friend should speak alone—
And day by day in thought I say,
Had I but known!

Alas! as friends we oft clasp hands,
While yet our lives are far apart;
We think we trust in truth alone—
We find 'tis art.
I loved thee well—oh, much too well—
I trusted thee, and thee alone;
Small wonder that I now repeal,
Had I but known!

Deep in my soul I should abhor
To rival e'en my direst foe;
Why when I had such chance to learn
Could I not know
The secret of thy life, and which
Some perverse fate withheld from me?
Too late behind the lifted veil
Mine eyes did see.
Forevermore, within my heart,
I shall regret his fate and thine,
And to myself often repeat,
Blindness of mine!
I could have set thy heart at rest
By a few simple deeds alone—
I could have made thee almost blest,
Had I but known.

A Strange Mystery.

BY W. J. BRETT.

THE strange events I am about to relate, occurred some twenty years ago, at the beginning of my career as a newspaper reporter.

One blustering stormy night, in the month of December, I had been making the round of the police stations in search of news, and had turned in just as the clocks were striking twelve.

A cutting wind now drove sleet and snow full into my face, and I was hurrying on, rapidly, when the clasp of a hand upon my arm, brought me to a sudden stand-still.

"Monsieur," said a sweet pitiful voice, speaking with a slight foreign accent, "for the love of Heaven, pause a moment."

I thought it was some beggar until I saw the speaker's face in the faint flicker of a street lamp, that shone across the way.

Such a face as it was, with its delicate-cut features, creamy complexion, bold, expressive profile, and flashing black eyes!

"What is it? Are you in trouble?" I inquired, feeling curious and interested at once.

"Yes, I am shut out here in the cold. My mind is torn with anxiety; and I may perish from exposure. This door remains obstinately closed against me. Oh monsieur, I must enter."

I glanced at the house, on the steps of which she stood.

"Have you tried the bell, miss?"

"Yes, I've rung again and again. But no one comes. Oh monsieur, it is a matter of life or death! Do you understand?—of life or death!"

"Do you live here?" I said, after a brief silence.

"No, monsieur. My home is in another part of the city. But I expected to meet some one here to-night—a dear, dear friend."

"It is a long, a terrible story. I have no right to divulge it. But oh, monsieur, for the love of Heaven, do not distrust me because of this mystery."

"Let me fetch a policeman to break in the door."

"Oh, don't do that, monsieur. Think of some other plan. That lower shutter does not seem to be secured. Please try it."

It was the basement shutter she meant.

Upon descending the steps, I found that it swung readily at the touch.

Greatly to my astonishment, the window it was intended to protect stood wide open.

The young girl stood beside me in an instant.

The sight of the open window seemed to suggest still more distressing thoughts to her mind than to mine.

"Oh this is dreadful," she panted. "I felt as I was coming here to-night, a strange premonition of evil. Heaven sent it to prepare me. Howard, my darling, what has befallen you?"

The next instant she had climbed noiselessly over the sill, and put back her hand to clasp mine.

"Come, I am going to explore the house," she whispered. "I must know the worst. Don't desert me now."

But might she not be leading me into a trap?

Impossible!

I had not the slightest fear of furnishing, in my own person, an item for the morning papers; so I followed my strange guide unhesitatingly.

Presently we ascended a flight of stairs.

On the landing the young girl paused, and after fumbling about a moment, struck a match and lighted two of the three oil lamps that stood on a small table against the wall.

At the door of the chamber above she paused a single instant and pressed her hand to her heart.

Then giving the lamp to me, she signed for me to enter in advance.

I did so, but had not taken half-a-dozen steps into the apartment when my foot struck against some object on the floor.

Pausing and looking down, I beheld the dead body of a man extended before me, stark, still, rigid—an appalling sight.

My companion saw it at the same instant. The shrill, unearthly shriek she gave as she flung herself upon the body, is ringing in my ears even yet.

"Howard!" she cried out. "Dead—murdered. Oh Heaven, it cannot be!"

I drew nearer, and tried to say something, but she waved me away with a gesture both fierce and wild.

"The police!" she gasped. "Quick! bring some one here at once. The station is close at hand. Don't mind me—I am safe enough. Oh, how my worst fears have been realized! But the wretches who have done this deed shall be punished. Go!"

Something in her voice and mien compelled obedience.

Leaving the lamp on a chair, where it shed a ghastly light upon the scene, I hurried down stairs.

A few yards away I found a policeman, and we hastened back together, so flurried and excited that we never once thought of securing other assistance.

That grim sombre house seemed darker and more silent than ever when we reached it.

I ran breathlessly up the steps, and turned the knob.

The door was fast locked and bolted again.

What did it mean?

Who had secured the fastenings so soon after I left the house?

Trembling with apprehension, I made a dash for the basement window, but found this also secured, and the shutter firmly fastened.

It resisted all my efforts.

"Break in the door," I shouted, to the policeman. "Quick. We are losing time. Heaven only knows what is going on within while we stand here."

The man began beating on the stout oaken panels with his staff, and presently a gleam of light shone through the fan-shaped window overhead, the bolts were shot back, and an old man, but half dressed, appeared on the threshold.

"What's wanted?" he growled. "Why do you come here to disturb me at this hour of the night?"

The policeman waited for me to explain.

"Where is the young lady who entered here fifteen minutes ago?" I cried, in a blustering tone. "Conduct us to her presence instantly."

"Young lady?" he echoed, in a bewildered tone. "Why, Lord bless you, sir, there must be some mistake. I don't know what you mean. There isn't a living being in the house save myself."

His words, instead of reassuring, struck a new terror to my heart.

"Monster!" I gasped. "Have you killed her too?"

Then calling for the policeman to follow, I pushed past the old man, took the lamp from the table, and ran up stairs.

The chamber was dark and still.

Not a sign anywhere of the living or the dead.

Not even a tell-tale stain had been left on the carpet where the body had lain.

When the policeman appeared at the door I looked at him in horror and amazement, and cried—

"Some jugglery is at work! That wretch has concealed the bodies. I insist that the house be searched from attic to cellar."

The old man then took us over the whole house; not even a corner was left unexplored.

Nothing was discovered anywhere to indicate that the house had had any other occupant save himself for some time.

I could say nothing, do nothing except clasp both hands to my head.

I felt stupid and sick.

Had I been the victim of a strange hallucination?

The policeman looked at me rather angrily as we descended the steps.

"Have you been drinking?" he said; "or have you lost your wits?"

I almost felt myself that one or the other must be true.

Some six months later a grand fancy ball was given at the Garden Theatre, and being good at such descriptions I was sent to report it.

I had been in the house two hours perhaps when a pink domino crossed my way, and I again beheld the young woman who had figured in that strange midnight episode—for it had not been a creation of my own fancy I was sure.

How I recognized her as the same in spite of the disguise she wore cannot be told.

Pressing to her side, and extending my hand I said in a tone of forced gaiety—

"Well met, mademoiselle, I am delighted to renew an acquaintance so singularly begun."

She trembled, and dropped her eyes.

"There is a mistake, monsieur. I have not the honor of knowing you."

"Is it possible you have forgotten me so soon?"

"When and where have we met?"

"In James Street, last December—"

"Hush!" she looked at me again, and I saw her eyes slowly dilate. "Don't speak of that terrible night," she added, with a shudder. "I cannot bear the least allusion to it. I would gladly blot it out forever."

"You owe me an explanation."

"Yes."

"I am ready to hear it now. That night's mystery has puzzled and baffled me, and now," seeing her shake her head, "I insist that it be fully explained."

"Oh, do not put me to such an ordeal," she cried, clasping her hands.

"Nothing else will satisfy me."

"And if I refuse to unravel the mystery?"

"It would create a scene," I replied. "The matter must be investigated. I hope you will not compel me to appeal to yonder policeman, mademoiselle."

She shuddered, and said, after a minute's silence—

"You shall know all. But—I feel faint; bring me a glass of water, I will speak without reserve."

I started to fetch it, but a vague feeling of distrust caused me to look back ere halfway across the room.

Mademoiselle had changed her position, and was trying to slip away in the crowd.

She had already reached the grand entrance.

Of course I hurried after her.

She was in the open air, standing beside a carriage drawn up before the door, when I regained her side.

"You shall not escape me thus," I exclaimed. "You promised an explanation, and cannot depart without it."

An angry exclamation broke from her lips, but after a moment's hesitation she drew a card from her pocket, and by the light of the carriage-lamp, hastily pencilled a few lines thereon.

"You are very impertinent," she said. "But, since you are so determined to know the truth, I have written it down that the policeman you summoned that night may also receive the benefit of it."

Taking the card I read these words—

"This is to certify that no crime has been committed, or even attempted. No such person as "Howard" ever existed. The dead body in James Street was a wax figure fashioned by my own hands. I am an actress, and wished to test my powers in a little farce of my own. You can bear witness that I succeeded admirably. But—the play is over, and now the curtain falls.

"MADEMOISELLE."

Crushing the card in my hand, I looked up as a mocking laugh fell upon my ears.

Mademoiselle had taken advantage of my preoccupation to enter the carriage, and was already rolling away.

She has never again crossed my path.

That she had not explained the mystery I only too well understood.

Shall I ever know?

A STUDY OF HUSBANDS.—We hear much about the art of winning a husband. Let us take a step further and make a study out of keeping a husband; if he is worth winning he is worth keeping.

This is a wicket world, and man is dreadfully mortal. Let us take him just as he is and not as he ought to be. In the first place he is very weak. The wife must spend the first two years in discovering all these weaknesses, count them on her fingers, and learn them by heart. The fingers of both hands will not be too many. Then let her study up these weaknesses with a mesh for every one, and the secret is hers. Is he fond of a good dinner? Let her tighten the mesh around him with fragrant coffee, light bread and good things generally, and reach his heart through his stomach. Is he fond of flattery about his looks? Let her study the dictionary for sweet words, if her supply gives out. Does he like to hear her talk about his brilliant intellect? Let her pore over the encyclopedia to give variety to the depth of her admiration. Flattery is a good thing to study up at all hazards, in its delicate shades, but it must be skilfully done. The harpy who may try to coax him away will not do it absurdly. Is he fond of beauty? Here's the rub—let her be bright and tidy, that is half the victory. Next, let her bang her hair metaphorically and keep up with the times. A husband who sees his wife look like other people is not going to consider her broken down. Though it is a common sneer that a woman has admitted that her sex consider more in marrying, the tastes of her friends than her own, yet it must not be considered ludicrous that a man looks at a wife with the same eyes that other people do. Is he fond of literary matters. Listen to him with open eyes when he talks of them. A man doesn't so much care for a literary wife if only she will be literary enough to appreciate him. If she have literary inclinations let her keep them to himself. Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman's none. Is he curious? Oh, then, you have a treasure; you can always keep him if you have a secret, and only keep it carefully. Is he jealous? Then, woman, this is not for you; cease rending, cease torturing that fretted heart which wants you for its own, and teach him confidence. Is he ugly in his temper, and fault-finding? Give him a dose of his own medicine, skilfully done. Is he deceitful? Pity him for his weakness, treat him as one who is born with a physical defect, but put your wits to work—it is a bad case. It is well not to be too tame. Cultivate a pleasant voice, so that this very mortal man may have his conscience prick him when he is in jeopardy; its pleasant ring will haunt him much more than would a shrill one. It is hard to do all this, besides taking care of the babies and looking after vexations, household cares, and spilling when he comes home, but it seems necessary. "To be born a woman is to be born a martyr," says a husband who for ten years has watched, in amazement, his wife treading the wine-press of her existence. It is a pitiful sight to some men. But if the wife does not make a study of these things, the harpy will, to steal away the honor from his silver hairs when he is full of years and the father of sons and daughters. At the same time, gudewife, keep from trying any of these things on any other mortal man but your own. These rules are only evolved in order to "keep a husband." The poor, weak creatures would rather be good than bad, and it is woman's duty to help him by every means in her power. ARGONAUT.

"Ralp," said a mother to her seven year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am taking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "You never stop," said the boy.

SHOPLIFTING.

THE species of crime known as shoplifting or larceny committed in a store is essentially womanish. Very few men are affected by it. It has grown alarmingly prevalent of late years. Formerly it was a crime only seldom brought to the notice of the police. Wholesale stores scarcely ever suffer from the depredations of the shoplifter. It is in the retail stores, where there is a rush of customers and a constantly incoming and departing crowd of people, that the offence is mostly committed. The conditions are most favorable to the shoplifter.

In the first place there are any number of counters, each displaying a variety of goods. At each counter there is a crowd of people to be waited on. While the clerks are attending to a few customers a large majority of those to be waited on move from one point to another, examining the articles displayed, until their turn comes around. The clerks cannot well answer the questions addressed to them by those who are purchasing goods, put articles into parcels, call the cash boy, make out bills, see that correct change is returned, and so on, and at the same time keep an eye on the people who are not buying. The shoplifter, therefore, can await her opportunity, and steal at the time when the clerk's attention is attracted elsewhere.

Again, certain liberties are taken by customers which storekeepers cannot without injuring their trade interfere with. For instance a lady will claim the privilege of examining before buying the goods of the house. If she is not being waited on she will devote her spare time to the examination so as to be prepared to buy as soon as her turn arrives. It is no easy matter for a woman to make up her mind in these matters. She may, therefore, go from one counter to another, ask many questions and examine many articles before she makes a purchase. At one counter she will see something which strikes her fancy. It is natural for her to pick the article up and look at it, and just as natural for her to come to the conclusion that it does not suit her after all. Thousands of articles are thus taken up from and replaced on the counters of large retail stores every day. The proprietor does not feel it businesslike to put a stop to the practice. Here, then, is another circumstance in the shoplifter's favor. She can pick up as many articles as she chooses and at the proper time pocket as many as she can.

Storekeepers have taken two ways to detect this class of criminals. In some large houses private detectives are employed. They mix with the crowd, are quiet in appearance, but wide-awake and Argus-eyed in reality. No badge distinguishes them from the other people in the store and their clothing is the same as that worn by the ordinary citizen. Other storekeepers employ faithful men to walk the floors with no other object than the detection of any wrong on the part of customers or clerks.

There are very curious features about shoplifting. It is not confined to the poor or needy, but includes the wealthy as well. Not infrequently the worst offenders are the best dressed. Again, a motive for the crime is not often found. One-half the time she visits the store with the best of intentions. She has some little things to buy and enters the store to make the purchases. She even pays for what she wants and starts for the door. The contents of the counters arrest her attention. She lingers only to be tempted, is tempted only to fall.

Many women are kleptomaniacs. They are well off, yet the desire to steal is irresistible. They can no more keep their hands off the storekeeper's goods than the small boy can be deterred, by fear of pepper and salt or bulldog, from robbing the farmer's fruit trees. To more successfully to carry out her plans she has false pockets made in her sacque. A pair of gloves, some ruchings, a collar, a spool of thread, a pocketbook—these are the articles stolen. The frequent stealing of them is what annoys the storekeeper.

The old offender is easily detected by the employes of the stores. Her first arrest and trial, her denial of guilt in the face of overwhelming testimony against her, her improbable story of respectability and other incidents fix her face in their minds. She will be missing for a time, but this she cannot well help, for she is serving her time in the Penitentiary. Singularly enough as soon as she regains her liberty she repeats her offence and selects the very same store for her operations. Extreme old age and inability to move her ancient limbs alone stops the old offender from her predatory raids.

To what extent shoplifting is carried on in American cities is known by the case of a German woman, who was arrested about a year ago in New York. She carried a satchel, in which were found the proceeds of no less than fifty larcenies. On her were discovered three pocketbooks which did not belong to her, demonstrating that she had successfully carried on pocket picking as well as shoplifting. Her time was well selected, being a Saturday afternoon, when the stores are greatly crowded. The articles in the satchel were made up of trinkets, millinery and laces.

Sometimes married couple practice it. One case of this kind occurred in Brooklyn some time since. Neither of them were whom was more than thirty years old. Their operations had extended through several months. They were arrested in their house, where thirty-five pawn tickets, representing stolen articles aggregating more than $1,000, were found.

The telephone is feminine—It talks back.

AT NIGHT.

At night when work is done, 'mid shadows gray that darken
And cling about the window, where once the sun was bright,
Sweet sounds come back again to which we used to harken,
At night!

At night we two sit in the shadow, open-hearted:
Long since the time is past when Hope was all in sight!
Softly we sing the songs of happy days departed,
At night!

My Cousin Jack.

BY CHARLES NAYLOR.

"HE grows handsomer every day," exclaims Aunt Deborah.

I smile, but say nothing in answer to my aunt's very positive assertion.

"It's very strange," she resumes rather sharply, for she has noticed my smile, and it has apparently nettled her. "It's very strange that you should have altered in your opinions so much of late."

"How altered?" I answered, coloring up.

"Don't pretend you do not understand me," responds Aunt Deborah sharply.

"I don't wish to pretend anything," is my reply.

"Well, Jane, we won't have words about it. I cannot bear disagreeables, especially with those whom I love; but you know quite well there was a time when your cousin Jack was everything in your eyes, and I believe everything in your heart, too, but of late you seem to have changed towards him in the most extraordinary manner imaginable. You used to love him, and you cannot truthfully deny it."

"I love him still, aunt, as—as——"

"As what?"

"As a brother."

Aunt Deborah laughs outright, a scornful disbelieving laugh.

"As a brother!" she exclaims, echoing my words. "Dear me! What a nice way of putting it. As a brother!"

I rise to leave the room, but my aunt, as I anticipated, will not part with me on such easy terms.

"Please don't leave the room at present; I have more to say to you."

I reseat myself with a subdued sigh of impatience.

"For months and months, you and your Cousin Jack have fully understood one another. He has loved you with all the strength of his generous heart for these three years or more—in fact, from the first day on which he was unlucky enough to meet you. And you, too, were always partial to him from the first; and during the last year by your manner, even when in the presence of others to my knowledge, showed him sufficient preference to lead him to believe that you reciprocated his affection. There is now a change. I see the change in you; and I see what an alteration that change has made. He is not the same man. And I, as the only relative he has left who cares two pins about him, wish to know what has caused this fickleness on your part."

"You speak as though Cousin Jack and I were engaged," I answer indignantly.

"And so you were, virtually," retorts my aunt.

"He never asked me to be his wife," I answer.

"He never asked you!" responds Aunt Deborah with infinite scorn. "Perhaps you will have the assurance to tell me you did not know that he loved you. Now, look you here, Miss Jane Fleming, I have had enough of this. Your cousin, Jack Randall, has been as dear to me as a son for years past. He was my favorite sister's only son; and when she was on her death-bed I promised faithfully to do my best for her child. You are the only daughter of my dead brother; I promised him on his death-bed to take charge of you. I have tried to do my best. Now answer me one question, and this painful subject shall be dropped. Do you love anyone else? Are you fonder of anyone than you are of Jack?"

My color mounts to my forehead.

"No," I reply.

My aunt rises, and putting her arms about my neck, kisses me affectionately.

"Thank Heaven for that, my dear," she says, with much emotion.

And so the conversation ends.

Aunt Deborah's house is situated at Ramsgate. I have lived with her for more than seven years, and she has proved a mother to me in every way. I have to-day, for the first time in my life, told her a deliberate falsehood. I do love some one better than Cousin Jack. This afternoon I mean to meet him on the beach. He has asked me to be his wife, and I have all but consented. Ours have been clandestine meetings. To own the truth, I spoke to him without a formal introduction. One afternoon, when I was alone upon the sands, he made an excuse for speaking to me. He warned me of the incoming tide, saying he feared I might be surrounded. Since then our meetings have been frequent; since then my feelings for Cousin Jack have grown colder and colder.

It is afternoon, the afternoon of the same day on which I have told Aunt Deborah the deliberate falsehood as to my affections, my newly-found lover is at my side, my handsome, gay-hearted Arthur. Soon, I trust, the day may come when I shall be his wife; when I shall bear the name of Stanford.

I tell him about my aunt's lecture.

"All this kind of thing," he says, "must be put a stop to, my little Jane, as soon as possible. Don't you think it far better that it should be so?"

"How can it be put a stop to?" I ask.

"There is but one way," he answers, "and to that I hardly dare hope you will consent."

"Tell me what it is," I say.

"For us to elope, Jane."

The color mounts to my cheeks, and my breath comes quickly.

"Jane, my darling Jane," he murmurs, "will you fly with me to-night?"

Before we have separated I have consented to his proposal.

"I am just going to have a sail in my favorite little skiff—a farewell sail," he says; "and then I must return to my hotel and make all necessary preparations."

"It's blowing so strongly," I answer, "and I'm always afraid of some accident when you go sailing in that slender craft."

"Never fear," he responds, gaily; "I can swim a mile or two if need be; there's no danger of my coming to grief. Farewell until to-night, darling! and then we shall meet to part never more."

He grasps my hand, oh, so warmly, and then he leaves me. I watch his retreating figure as he makes his way towards that portion of the beach where he hires his sailing skiff.

Presently I see him on the bosom of the sea, the white sail set, and the little skiff lying over on her side—so far over that I expect to see her capsize momentarily.

Farther and farther out to sea he sails, away in the afternoon sun, my lover, for whose safety I tremble.

The wind freshens every moment.

Other eyes as well as mine are directed towards the bold young gentleman who ventures to ride so daringly upon the treacherous ocean.

A cry goes up from those assembled on the beach, a cry in which my voice joins, for the white sail of my lover's boat is seen to dip into the water, to lie upon the bosom of the sea; the frail craft has been taxed too heavily, and in another moment it has capsized.

As that wail of agony escapes my lips a hand is laid upon my shoulder; a hand that is ever ready in the hour of danger—Cousin Jack's hand.

"Don't give way," he exclaimed; "if Heaven grants me strength I will save him!"

And then I see Jack Randall plunge into the sea and strike out to the rescue.

An instant later I fell senseless amongst the pebbles.

When consciousness returns, I find myself in bed. My first enquiry is: "Have they saved him?"

"You must not attempt to talk at present, dear," answers Aunt Deborah, who is watching by me.

"But I must know," I cry excitedly, endeavoring to rise.

At this moment the doctor appears upon the scene.

"I must and will know if he is saved," I shout frantically.

"One moment, my dear, one moment," says the doctor kindly, "and you shall have all you require—hear all that you wish to hear."

Then a few hurriedly whispered words are exchanged between Aunt Deborah and him, and she hastily leaves the room.

"You have been very ill, my dear," says the doctor, taking my hand; "but I'm thankful to say, if you will only keep quite calm and quiet, you will soon be perfectly well. You have been in bed ten days, you know."

"Ten days!" I exclaim with extreme astonishment. "It doesn't seem ten hours to me. But"—flying off to the old topic—"I must and will know where he is—he, Arthur Stanford, whom I love."

I break down in a wail of agony.

"Oh, don't hide anything from me," I sob. "I am prepared to hear the worst; I expect to hear the worst; only be candid with me, and I will do anything to please you."

The doctor puts his finger on my pulse.

"You know, my dear, that accidents will happen to the best of us."

"He is dead," I cry; "I know by your face that he is dead."

As the words pass my lips the door opens, and Aunt Deborah re-entered following by Cousin Jack.

"Cousin Jack," I cry, holding out my arms towards him; "I know you will tell me the truth; you who never lie, who never deceive anyone."

Cousin Jack has my hands—how thin and transparent they have become—in his, almost before I have concluded speaking.

And then, the doctor and Aunt Deborah having withdrawn, he tells me the appalling truth.

He tells me how he swam out to the scene of the disaster, but ere he reached it Arthur Stanford was drowned. They recovered the body next day. And then, very gently, Jack tells me who he was, and I know that Heaven has been merciful in taking him.

The man who had so infatuated me, and with whom I was prepared to fly, was one of the most daring forgers that ever infested the metropolis. The papers found amongst his things proved this.

The name of Arthur Stanford was not his own.

* * * * * *

Three years have gone by since what I have recorded took place.

Perhaps many people will say Jack Randall was a soft-hearted idiot to have anything more to do with one who had treated him as badly as I had done; but his motto is, that "To err is human, to forgive divine."

And I, in the character of his cherished wife, can honorably assert I never loved anyone half or a quarter as much as I love My Cousin Jack!

KATE OR KITTY.

BY H. S.

"WHAT a surprise I have had, Kitty!" said Mrs. Lemoine, coming in from her neighbor's five o'clock tea one afternoon. "I have met an old friend—a gentleman I used to know when I was a girl."

Kitty took no notice of her mother's blushes.

She was thinking of young Frank Pincott, who had had a very pleasant walk with her that afternoon.

Mrs. Lemoine had been a widow for many years, and the gentleman she had just met was her first lover.

They had quarreled and parted, and she had married Mr. Lemoine.

But now the old memories came back again.

He had asked leave to call, and she had given it to him.

Mr. Marlbury called next day, and Kitty saw him.

He told her she was her mother over again, and soon he was thoroughly established on the footing of a family friend.

He came and went without ceremony; he offered his escort to mother and daughter alike; and soon Mrs. Lemoine began to hear on every side praises of "Kitty's admirer."

"A little old for her, perhaps," said the inquisitive friends; "but so elegant, so distinguished; and well off, too, is he not?"

Mrs. Lemoine only shook her head and laughed; but to herself she said:

"It is very probable that these good folks are right; the thing often happens. Kitty is like me. It is a compliment to me, certainly, and men never know that they grow old as well as we. Why should I object?"

But she sighed a little, and that day put her hair in a plainer way.

One day—it was six months from the evening on which Mr. Marlbury had renewed his acquaintance with the widow—Mrs. Lemoine sat alone in her little parlor.

Kitty was out, and her mother was sunk in so deep a reverie that she did not hear the bell ring nor the door open, and started with surprise when Mr. Marlbury stood before her.

"Alone?" he asked, looking at her with a kindly smile. "Kitty is off enjoying herself, I suppose. May I sit here—beside you?"

She made room for him on the sofa.

"It is a good many years since we used to sit in this way together in your father's house," said Mr. Marlbury. "'Kate,' they called you. I like Kate better than any other name I know. I never saw a Kate who was not pretty."

"I wonder whether I was pretty," said Mrs. Lemoine.

"Oh, yes, pretty; not as handsome as you are now," said Mr. Marlbury.

"Oh, I am quite an old woman—I shall be forty next birthday," said she.

"And I forty-five—but I feel young," said the man, laughing. "Tell me, am I too old to mend an old bachelor life by marrying, Mrs. Lemoine?"

"But it is different with men," said Mrs. Lemoine, sighing. "Certainly not; a man I believe, is never too old."

"The French have a saying, 'A man is as old as he feels; a woman as old as she looks,'" said Mr. Marlbury.

"That's unjust. Why should not a woman be as young as she feels, too?" said Mrs. Lemoine.

"Because I have heard women talk of being old when they looked almost like girls" said Mr. Marlbury. "Kate, at least, we are old enough to know our own minds now. Do you think I should make a woman happy; or am I, what you called me once a jealous fool that would make a woman's life wretched?"

"Oh, I was a goose, then, you know," said Mrs. Lemoine. "I was sorry afterwards; but dear me, all that is ages ago."

"And you understand what I mean!" said Mr. Marlbury. "You know whom I want for a wife."

"I suppose I do," said Mrs. Lemoine.

"Can I have her?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, Mr. Marlbury," said Mrs. Lemoine, "I can only give my consent to the match after you have learned her sentiments. I find it hard to make sure of what she thinks. I—in fact, if you want Kitty, you must propose to Kitty."

"Ah," replied Mr. Marlbury, "but you see, Mrs. Lemoine, I no more want Kitty than she would have me. I want Kate—my own Kate—whom I have never ceased to love."

When Kitty came home that night she was very pale, and her eyes shone wonderfully. Mrs. Lemoine was alone, and Kitty sat down on the little stool at her feet.

"Mamma," said she, "I have something to say to you. Frank Pincott proposed to me to-night, and I accepted him. You don't object, mamma?"

"Oh, my dear! *I*—such a fool as I am—object to anything?" cried Mrs. Lemoine. "I'm ashamed to look at you, child!"

"Why?" asked Kitty. Then suddenly she dropped down, looked into her mother's eyes, and said, "Mamma, I believe you have been doing the same thing. You are engaged, too!"

Mrs. Lemoine did not contradict her daughter.

WHAT is a good appearance? It is not being pompous and starchy; for proud looks lose hearts, and gentle words win them. It is not wearing fine clothes; for such dressing tells the world that the outside is the better part of the man. You cannot judge a horse by his harness, but a modest, gentlemanly appearance, in which the dress is such as no one could commend upon, is the most desirable thing.

Scientific and Useful.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—In Germany, the seeds of grapes are frequently used in place of the coffee berry. When pressed, they yield a quanity of oil, and afterwards, when boiled, furnish a very economical, and, it is said, a delicious substitute for the genuine Mocha.

FLYING MACHINE.—A Canadian has made a flying machine which is somewhat of a success. Starting from an elevation of fifty feet he was able to keep in the air for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The contrivance has wings worked by a crank.

COMPRESSED LEATHER SCRAPS.—There is a process for utilizing leather shavings and scraps. They are at first cleaned, then soaked in water, containing one per cent. of sulphuric acid, until the material becomes soft and plastic; they are afterwards compressed into blocks and dried by steam. In order to soften the blocks one pound of glycerine is added to one hundred pounds of material; they are then passed through rollers, and brought to the proper thickness to be used as inner soles of boots and shoes.

CIGAR ODORS.—To the inquiry what kind of solution may be used by cigarmakers to dip the leaves in to give the cigars an agreeable flavor, the *Scientific American* answers that ordinary cigars may be scented by moistening them with a strong tincture of cascarilla to which a little gum benzoin and storax is sometimes added; or the leaves which are to form the cigars may be soaked for a short time in a strong infusion of cascarilla and then dried by a gentle heat. A small quantity of camphor, together with the oils of cassia and cloves, are by some added to the tincture mentioned.

GINGER BEER.—Two gallons of ginger beer may be made as follows: Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two ounces of good ginger bruised, and two pounds of brown or white sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for about an hour. Then skim the liquor, and pour it into a jar or tub along with one sliced lemon and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked two days, strain it and bottle it for use. Tie the corks down firmly.

CONSUMPTION AND BRONCHITIS.—An eminent physician reports a series of cases of phthisis and chronic bronchitis in which very decided and favorable results followed frequent inhalations of vapor of boiling water containing carbolic acid. Cases of fibrous phthisis and of chronic bronchitis in which there was excessive expectoration were especially benefitted thereby. An inhaler, although convenient, is not essential, a pitcher or jug holding boiling water being all that is needed, and care must be taken to use it several times in the day and to inhale completely the rising vapor—not merely drawing it into the mouth.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP AND WEEDS.—Many of the most pernicious weeds with which farmers have to contend are eagerly eaten by sheep, in their early or soft state, and ultimately may be eradicated in this way.

CLEVER HORSES.—The larger-brained horses are the cleverest. In the English Cavalry the horses with broad foreheads learn their drill more quickly than the others. A gentleman measured the heads of all his hunters, and found that their intelligence and good sense were in proportion to the width of their foreheads.

PASTURAGE FOR SWINE.—Pasturage is necessary for the healthy development of swine for a very important further reason than exercise, and that is that the hog is a grass-eating animal, and should be treated as such as much as the horse. All animals furnished by nature with organs adapted to the digestion of fibrous food will suffer in healthy development when compelled to live on concentrated food alone.

INSECT TRAP.—An insect trap to destroy night-flying insects, such as the tobacco fly, is described as consisting of two baskets in an iron frame working on a pivot. These baskets are filled with cannel coal at the close of the day. One is lighted, and as it gradually burns out becomes light in weight, and at a certain time the fire is emptied into the second basket, setting the coal in that on fire. The two are timed to burn all night.

TREE-PLANTING. Some reasons for tree-planting worth repeating: They modify the temperature, promoting coolness in summer and warmth in winter. They exhale oxygen and absorb deleterious gases, thereby conferring great benefit on unhealthy or overcrowded districts. By their roots they purify the soil below, as well as the atmosphere above by their leaves. Their individual influence is surprisingly great. It has been estimated that a good-sized elm tree would produce about 700,000 leaves, equal to about 200,000 square feet of surface.

BONES AND ASHES.—The following are the exact figures of the quantities used in reducing bones with ashes: Break 100 pounds of bones into small fragments, and pack them in a tight cask or box with 100 pounds of good wood ashes which have been previously mixed with twenty-five pounds of dry water-slaked lime and 12 pounds of powdered sal-soda. Twenty gallons of water will saturate the mass, and more may be added as required. In two or three weeks the bones will be soft enough to turn out on the barn floor and be mixed with two bushels of good soil.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

One of the most famous of modern English writers says that hard work is the grand secret of success. Nothing but rags and poverty can come of idleness. No sweat, no sweet. He who would have the crows' eggs must climb the tree. Every man must build up his own fortune now-a-days. Shirt-sleeves rolled up lead on to the best broadcloth; and he who is not ashamed of the apron, will soon be able to do without it.

Believe in traveling on step by step; don't expect to be rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man far more than fits and starts of fortunate speculation. Little fishes are sweet. Every little helps. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the less speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

It is bad beginning business without capital. It is hard marketing with empty pockets. We want a nest-egg, for hens will lay where there are eggs already. It is true you must bake with the flour you have, but if the barrel is empty, it might be quite as well not to set up for a baker. Making bricks without straw is easy enough compared with making money when you have none to start with. You, young gentleman, stay a journeyman a little longer, till you have saved a few dollars; fly when your wings have got feathers; but if you try it too soon, you will be like the young rook that broke its neck through trying to fly before it was fledged.

Every minnow wants to be a whale, but it is prudent to be a little fish while you have but little water; when your pond becomes a sea, then swell as big as you like. Trading without capital is like building a house without bricks, making a fire without sticks, burning candles without wicks; it leads men into tricks, and lands them in a fix.

The main thing is to be patient and wait until you are ready, and it is time to move. He that knows when this comes about, and takes advantage of it, is the one that will meet with success.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Messina quail imported into Maine last year, returned this spring, and have hatched good-sized broods; it is now deemed a settled fact that they will live there and increase rapidly. Some of the birds did not return to the exact localities in which they were liberated, but made new homes.

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THE United States army of 25,000 men has a medical staff of about 200. The navy, with 8,000 men, has a medical staff of about 1,000. The Marine Hospital Service, which has about 25,000 patients annually, has but 35 medical officers, and the same number of active assistant-surgeons.

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THE experiment of using a steam-launch has been made on the canals of Venice. It seems a pity to remove the gondolas, so famous in poetry and song, and certainly one of the chief attractions of the old city. We live in an age of hurry and go, and have no time for rest and real enjoyment, even in our travels for pleasure.

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THE Russian Government has found it necessary to exercise vigilance over the correspondence of school-girls. The police department has issued an order to the heads of educational establishments to keep strict watch over the letters of pupils, as "Nihilists may be expected to attempt to convey their sentiments in the language of love."

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A RHODE ISLAND man's project is to build an artificial mountain in New York, or at least the frame-work of one, with a platform at the top broad enough to hold a big hotel and extensive grounds. His idea is to make a summer resort accessible from the city by means of elevators, and combining the qualities of seashore and mountain. The proposed height is 1,000 feet. The only obstacle is the lack of $3,000,000 capital.

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THERE is no doubt that serious illness results from ignorance of the great danger attending a too long immersion in the water. The Manchester City Council has had the matter under consideration, and has decided to issue printed warnings to the bathers frequenting the free baths. Those in charge of our free baths say that it is a common thing for bathers to remain in the water an hour at a time.

—

DOMESTIC life in France really presents a charming picture. People who have been apt to think that the French know not what the word home means, would be surprised at the truth. In France it is the family, and not the individual, as with us, that is the unit of society, and family interests are accordingly securely guarded by law and custom. There is much to be learned from a study of French home life.

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AMONG semi-civilized people the census is regarded with suspicion. From the earliest ages, when kings or rulers numbered the people, they did it either with a view to taxing them or drafting them for war. Naturally the people considered the appearance of a census-taker objectionable, and quite recently a tribe in India revolted on the occasion of a visit from the professional enumerator. The North American Indian objected in a like manner to efforts made to ascertain their numbers, and so, to spare their feelings, as an ordinary census paper would be an annoyance to them, willow-wands were notched to show the number of inhabitants in each wigwam, the children being indicated by slight twigs.

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A LITTLE temperance lecture by a New Orleans paper: "It is true that a man is tempted to drink; but as a rule bar-rooms do not follow him about town, and lager beer shops have never been known to go after a man, call him out of the house, and keep him away half of the night. There are two sides to temperance questions, and the young man who has not made up his mind to be a worthless drunkard should keep on the right side."

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THIS is the way a lady writes to the papers concerning social ostracism: So long as an unmarried woman has a moderately comfortable home, and works merely to increase her stock of white satin slippers, her social position remains unimpaired; but let that home be broken up, let that same young woman from dire necessity continue that same occupation or trade in order to earn her daily bread, and she is immediately beyond the pale.

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THE King of the Sandwich Islands is in Europe, hunting up recruits for his little kingdom. The native population, which a century ago was estimated at 400,000 souls, has sunk to 44,000. The foreign population already numbers 14,000. The king is in danger of finding himself the native ruler of an alien population. Civilization has not agreed with them, and now the king is looking in Europe for immigrants of a class more acceptable than the Chinese, who are monopolizing the industries of the islands.

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THE German Government have announced that, commencing from February, 1883, English will be a compulsory subject of examination for the entrance of officers into the army. Candidates coming from gymnasia, however, will have the option of offering Greek. The programme of the examination in English is as follows: Reading of English at sight, translation of English into German, and of German into English, English syntax, and the grammatical and the etymological analysis of English phrases.

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OF course, some day the movement of people from the old world to the new will cease; the population of the two hemispheres will become equalized, and the disappearance of cheap lands will remove the incentive that now maintains the movement. But when that day will come, it will see in the United States a strange, conglomerate people, the like of which was never seen before on earth—a people numbering one hundred millions, made up of all languages and tribes, and capable of exerting a force which has not been witnessed or felt since the days of the Roman empire.

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THE United States postal card business is assuming proportions which are calculated to startle the cautious individuals who thought the first year's estimate of 100,000,000 wildly extravagant. The number issued for the year ending June 30, 1881, was 308,996,000. The figures do not seem any less imposing when comparison is made with foreign countries. In 1879, the latest year for which we have any foreign statistics, the number of postal cards issued by England was 102,815,555; by Germany, 116,971,815; and by France, 86,207,991. In the same year the number issued by the United States was 221,707,000.

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AMERICA is beginning to pride herself, not unnaturally, upon the increased demand for the home-produced wines of the American continent. Within the last three or four years, and especially within the last two, the consumption of American wine has increased very greatly in New York, where the demand is largest, and throughout the whole country. The Americans have begun to awake to the fact that it is better for them, as well as cheaper, to drink their own California ports, sherries and clarets than to pay large prices for heavily-adulterated foreign wines. Little or none of the so-called Bordeaux sold in New York has much in common with the genuine vintage of Gironde. A little of the real wine is mixed with a great deal of ordinary grape-juice and water, a "body" imparted to it by the addition of some Spanish wine, and the whole is often further diluted by California wine palmed off upon the ingenuous American as genuine Bordeaux. This blending process is sometimes done in France, and sometimes by agents in New York. Americans, in consequence, have grown suspicious of the highly-priced French wines which they have hitherto preferred to their own productions, and are turning instead to the growths of their own vineyards.

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PHOTOGRAPHY is a dangerous vocation in Burmah. Not long ago two ladies attached to Court went to Calcutta for the purpose of acquiring this art, and immediately on their return were commanded by the sable queen to furnish her with a proof of their skill by reproducing her royal person. All went well, and the artists were congratulating themselves upon her Majesty's future favor, when suddenly, to their great astonishment, the queen, who was inspecting the picture, flew into a violent passion. It was found that one of the innumerable poodles which swarm about the Court had strayed into the room and appeared in the picture side by side with the Queen of Burmah. This profanation was intolerable. Rough hands were at once laid upon the two artists, and when last heard of they were still in durance vile, pending the decision of the question as to whether such a flagrant insult to royalty could be expiated by any punishment other than decapitation.

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A PROMINENT London paper says: "Nothing can be kinder than the care shown by our political economists for the American citizen. That interesting man is pitied, and counseled, and bewept. He is made the subject of woful sayings. He is told that he is going right away to ruin, and that the Old World people who love him so much, only want to save him while yet there is time. He will protect his own manufactures. That is what is the matter with him. The Advanced School hurl their intelligence at him. They have got villas, and pictures and yachts out of free trade, even though their workmen are starving; they can feed operatives with little more cost than would be expended on Chinamen, and they naturally feel anxious to keep up the state of things which gave them yachts, and pictures, and villas. So they advise the American citizen, and prove to him that he is ruined. Then the American citizen winks, and says he feels pretty well, and he hopes they feel the same. He knows his book, (so observes this benighted American,) and as soon as he begins to feel poorly he will send for a trade doctor. Just now his health is all that can be desired, and, although he is sorry to know he is ruined, yet, at present, the process of ruination is rather agreeable than otherwise."

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ONE of the leading English health publications says: "For a summer beverage there can be nothing more healthy and strengthening than buttermilk. It is excellent for weak or delicate stomachs, and far better as a dinner drink than coffee, tea, or water, and, unlike them, does not retard, but rather aids digestion. A celebrated physician once said that if everybody knew the value of buttermilk as a drink it would be more frequently partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages; and further compared its effects upon the system to the clearing out of a cook stove that has been clogged up with ashes that have sifted through, filling up every crevice and crack, saying that the human system is like the stove, and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a specific remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness. There is something strange in the fact that persons who are fond of buttermilk never tire of singing its praises, while those who are not fond of it never weary of wondering how some people can drink it. So far as possible, people should overcome their aversion to it, and learn to drink it for health's sake. Whatever exaggerated statements may have been made concerning buttermilk, its medical properties cannot be overrated, and it should be more freely used by all who can get it. Everyone who values good health should drink buttermilk every day in warm weather, and let tea, coffee, and water alone. For the benefit of those who are not already aware of it, it may be added, in the churning, the first process of digestion is gone through, making it one of the easiest and quickest of all things to digest.

THE OLD AND NEW.

BY L. S.

Oh, the young love was sweet, dear,
The dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flowers;
When hopes and gay romances
Were thick as leaves in spring,
And cares were old folks' fancies,
And joy the solid thing.
Of all youth's visions blest, dear,
Of all its golden dowers,
Oh, the young love was blest, dear,
That dainty dream of ours!

Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
These chill October days,
When we tread with faltering feet, dear,
The sear and silent ways,
When earth has lost its glory,
And heaven has lost its blue,
And life's a sober story,
And care a comrade true,
Though hopes no longer cheat, dear,
And dreams have lost their sway,
Oh, the old love is sweet, dear,
That gilds the open day!

Miriam Collins.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

A MORE merry, light-hearted girl never lived than Miriam Collins. She was the daughter of the vicar of Lisdale, and the delight of her father's home.

He was not very rich, but he was an educated and polished gentleman.

His family is what is called "very high," but he had not derived very much advantage from the connection. The olive branches were numerous, and Raphael Collins was told he ought to consider himself very lucky to be provided for at all.

Raphael Collins was a meek man, and took all in good part. He had a comfortable home, a wise wife, who was both a lady and a housekeeper, and he was satisfied.

He had but two children, a son, named Charles, and a daughter, Miriam.

The son had through influence got into the Navy, while the girl was to remain at home until such time as somebody came to steal her from the paternal roof.

Though she was beautiful and fair to see, there was not much immediate chance of that. She had no money, and Lisdale, the centre of the rural parish which her father ministered to, did not contain many eligibles.

It was a rural parish, the chief inhabitants of which were farmers; and meek and simple as was Raphael Collins, he did not think that one who was not distantly related to the Earl of Sarsfield should look for a mate among the young men, however estimable, of that locality.

The most extensive farmer in the neighborhood was John Preston, a good sterling specimen of the class. He was what in those parts was called very warm; his daughter had received a very fair education; while the son and heir, James, was exceedingly well brought up.

He had studied until two-and-twenty, and then came home to help his father, none the worse for a little book-learning.

With this family Mr. Collins was very familiar. They were the best people in the immediate neighborhood, and the vicar was glad that his daughter, and his son when at home, should have some companionship of their own age.

James Preston was a very fine handsome young man, of very superior intellect, and one whom no one could have been ashamed of.

But he worked with a will.

At the time of the opening of our narrative, Miriam was seventeen, a girl in good health and spirits.

She was out walking with Grace Preston, a very fine girl of about a year older, a really splendid specimen of Saxon beauty.

"Do you know," presently said Grace, "that James has a visitor coming? Won't it make a change?"

"I suppose so; but why?" asked Miriam.

"One of his college friends," laughed Grace. "It appears he has had a severe illness, and has been advised perfect quiet. As he and James were great friends, he was tempted by the description of the place to try if he cannot find utter and complete repose."

Both the girls laughed, and then dropped the subject.

But in a rural place like that it was not likely that they forgot to think of it.

About a fortnight later there came to Preston Farm a gentleman of about three-and-twenty, certainly in delicate health. He was exceedingly handsome, fair, with ruddy hair, and a well-built form slightly pulled down by sickness.

He was attended by a man about seven years older than himself, a curious-looking man, who, with a stolid exterior, could by his eyes be judged as cunning and shrewd. His name was Morris.

The Prestons had made every preparation for Mr. Marlow Fairfax. He had, though what is vulgarly called a heavy swell, been very kind to James, whom he admired, and they were determined to reciprocate.

No three neater or more comfortable rooms than those prepared for him could be conceived; these were his bedroom and sitting-room, with the chamber assigned to his man.

Mr. Marlow Fairfax was no longer an invalid. All he wanted was cool air, quiet, and gentle exercise.

"Upon my word, Preston," he said to the young farmer as he ushered him into his suite of apartments, "I never saw anything sweeter than this."

"Our county is a pleasant one," answered Preston, "and the air is healthy in the extreme. I hope you will enjoy yourself."

"I mean to try," said Marlow Fairfax drily, and later on he went down to tea. It had been arranged that he should drop into the country habits of his entertainers, dine in the middle of the day and sup at eight.

At this tea was present Miriam Collins. We have said little about her looks. She might not have been beautiful, but there was a most singular and inexpressible charm about her that attracted all who saw her.

Marlow Fairfax was seated near Grace Preston, and found her very pleasant.

"Who's your fair friend?" he asked presently, with a glance at Miriam.

"The vicar's daughter, Miss Miriam Colling," said Grace, smiling; "our local beauty."

"There is no accounting for tastes," responded Marlow Fairfax; "charming I can believe her to be, but she never will be beautiful."

Miss Preston smiled. She had heard it said that so far as beauty is concerned, she could beat Miss Collins by many a head, but she knew her sterling qualities.

In the evening there was talk, music, and singing. Marlow Fairfax, as an invalid, enjoyed the enviable privilege of being seated in an armchair, and looking on.

Miss Collins sang in such a way as to surprise and delight him. He rose and walked the plane where stood James and to his sister.

"I have to thank you for a great treat, Miss Collins," he said. "I have seldom heard that better played."

"Now, Fairfax," remarked James, laughing, "you need not come any of your society flattery down here. It won't do."

"Which means," drily responded Marlow, "that I have stated that which is not true."

All laughed, and the quartette were at once at their ease, old friends almost.

This happened in the month of May, and by June Marlow Fairfax was, to all outward appearance, as well as he had ever been in his life.

But he would not allow it. This country village of Lisdale seemed a kind of earthly paradise. He had never enjoyed such quiet happiness before.

He was soon free of both houses. Raphael Collins took to him at once. There was a refinement, an undoubted touch of something like genius, a knowledge of books that delighted the vicar.

So it happened that Marlow Fairfax was a great deal at the vicarage. He called alone, when the Prestons, who all had some duties, were occupied, and thus it came about that he was thrown into the society of Miriam Collins.

Marlow Fairfax was no *blase* man of the world. He had moved in society, but by no means to satiety, but he found in this local gem, this local violet, a charm that was new and delightful.

He often came when her father was engaged or out, and Miriam never refused to see him.

She had her garden to show, her favorite views and walks.

Marlow Fairfax found himself very much fascinated and delighted.

Miriam though she had been so secluded, knew a great deal, and was both highly educated and clever.

She was a woman no one need have been ashamed of in any station of life; and so the young man began to think.

More and more he sought her society, and it was noticed especially by his man Morris.

Without obtruding himself, he followed them about, rubbing his hands with an evil smile; but utterly unconscious of what was going on, the young people were constantly in one another's society, but chiefly in company with the others.

At last, after two months, Marlow Fairfax intimated that, being quite recovered, he should go away in a few days.

He caught a slight flush on Miriam's face as he carelessly gave this information. On that hint he spoke.

It was the next day, and he walked over to the vicarage, with its bright grounds and gardens still in excellent order.

He found Miriam alone in her music room. She was writing, but rose at once to greet the young man.

"I have come to say farewell," he began gently. "I know we shall meet to-night at the Prestons, but that farewell would be too formal."

"I hope you have benefited by your stay at Lisdale," she said, a little tremulously.

"Very much, more than I expected," he said, "I came expecting to find rest in a dull and stupid village; I have found repose and joy in a perfect little paradise."

"You overrate us," she answered.

"Not at all," he went on fervently. "Miss Collins," he continued, taking her hand in his, "pardon my abruptness; but I am going away to-morrow. When I first saw you I knew that I had met my fate. I cannot leave without knowing whether my return will be welcome or not. Miriam, I love you!"

"Mr. Fairfax," she faltered, "I am confused—bewildered."

"Listen to me, darling," he argued. "I am of good family; I am engaged in the Foreign Office at a good salary; I have means of my own. My father is a rather rugged personage, but he is good at heart. I am certain to win his consent if I have yours. Miriam, will you give me hope?"

"What would you have me say?" she said, looking down upon the ground, her face crimson.

"Can you love me, Miriam?" he asked, drawing her tenderly toward him. "Will you be my wife?"

"It is so sudden," she faltered; "I really do not know what to say."

"Miriam, Miriam! do not send me away with a desolate heart when one brief sentence would make me so happy," he urged.

"What am I to say?" she whispered.

"Say 'I love you, Marlow,'" he coaxingly said.

Well, she whispered something, and lover-like he took it for granted that it was all he could wish, for he caught her in his arms and pressed a love seal upon her lips.

For some moments nothing very rational was said or done.

"Now, Miriam," said Marlow Fairfax after a time, "let us talk business. I am going away to see my father, and obtain his consent to our union. I shall obtain leave in a couple of months time, and come back. In the meantime let our love and happiness remain a secret.

She looked at him in vexed surprise.

"May I not tell Grace?" she pleaded.

"Well," he said, laughing, "I suppose ladies must have one person to share a secret, or it would be no secret at all."

And he graciously gave the required permission.

Then they spoke, as lovers will, of the future, and of their joyous hopes.

That evening was, indeed, a memorable one. There was a dinner and a carpet-dance.

Marlow quite forgot that he had ever been an invalid, and was as joyful and light-hearted as a boy fresh from school.

In the course of the evening Miriam contrived to be alone with Grace in her boudoir.

"How well you look," said the daughter of the farmer; "what has happened, Miriam?"

"Can't you guess?" responded the blushing girl.

"He has proposed!" exclaimed Grace, holding up her hands in affected horror.

"Yes, indeed, he has," replied blushing Miriam.

"And you have accepted him?" said Grace joyously.

"Yes. But only you are to know it until he returns to claim me in two months," was the reply. "He has to win his father's consent. Then he will come and ask papa's."

"How delightful!" said Grace.

And so next day Marlow Fairfax left with faithful promise of early return.

It was a very happy time for Miriam. She lived on her own happy thoughts; and then there were long walks with Grace, during which it may be guessed that there was little talk of anything but Fairfax.

Time passes quickly enough when we are happy, and the two months soon disappeared in the abyss of time.

Then Miriam began to look forward to some communication from Marlow Fairfax.

But none came.

Another month passed, alike no news; Miriam began to be anxious, and Grace very uneasy.

"What can it mean?" tremulously asked Miriam. "Surely he cannot have forgotten me."

"Oh, no; he must be detained," said Grace kindly.

"He might have written," Miriam answered, and the subject dropped.

But Grace could see that it was telling on Miriam. Her cheek grew pale, her steps less elastic, her voice low, and oh, how sweet.

She had had such faith in Marlow Fairfax. He was so true and noble.

To look into his face was to read honor and truth in every lineament.

But the facts were to all appearances patent. He had come, he had won her affection, and had ridden away.

He had simply made her the plaything of an idle hour, and then gone away.

She avoided the subject, but Grace would speak and give her all the hope she could.

"He may have gone on some diplomatic mission," she said. "I have heard James speak of such things. Mr. Fairfax is considered to be a most promising young man."

Miriam sighed, but made no remark.

Grace grew desperate.

"James," she said, in as quiet a tone as she could assume, "have you heard anything of Mr. Fairfax?"

"Why?" he asked with a curious look. "Nothing wrong, I hope. I saw him in town some time ago. He was in rather a disturbed state. In fact, he tried to cut me."

"Cut you," cried Grace.

"Yes, and was very cold," he continued; "and as soon as he could, wished me good-morning."

"How strange," said Grace.

"Why are you so anxious?" and then in a low tone he added—

"Anything wrong about Miriam?"

She nodded her head.

"I am sorry to hear it," he remarked. "I wonder he was not ashamed to speak to me."

Grace was now satisfied that he was both false and faithless. What should she do?

Tell Miriam, she dared not. And yet it must come at last.

Here an event occurred which drove Miriam's love affair partially out of her head.

Captain Charles Collins came home. Here was a source of excitement.

We may as well mention at once that he and Grace were sweethearts, affianced.

"Grace," said Miriam, when the news came, "do not tell Charles; let him think I am ill—out of sorts, anything, but do not betray my secret."

The girl said this with tears in her eyes, and Grace was reluctantly fain to promise.

Then Charles came, and Miriam, who was very fond of her brother, roused herself up a good deal.

It was a terrible trial to conceal her grief, but the excitement did her good.

Grace was delighted, of course, as what woman is not at sight of her lover, and she was compelled to a certain extent to neglect Miriam.

But Miriam did not care. She liked to be alone and think of him, even though faithless.

Women to a certain extent love the melancholy mood. They brood over their troubles until sadness becomes a luxury.

"What ails Miriam?" said Charles one fine spring morning when he was taking Grace over to the vicarage. "She seems ill and out of sorts."

"She has not been well lately," replied Grace; "but it will pass away."

"I hope so," remarked Charles; "but I must have a talk with her. She must see a doctor."

Grace was afraid of dissuading him from fear of exciting his suspicions.

But she warned Miriam, who, when her brother spoke, evaded the question.

She was very well, only a little low, she said. As the fine weather came she would of course be better.

Truth to tell, insensibly, but really, she was fading away.

"Miriam does not seem at all well, father," observed Charles.

"I have noticed that she is more silent than usual," said the vicar anxiously. "Nothing very serious, I hope. She never complains."

"That is the strange part of it," observed the young man.

"I must speak to Dr. Pelham," said the vicar gravely; "my darling Miriam must not be neglected."

Dr. Pelham was spoken to. He found Miss Collins deficient in tone, rather low, and recommended as soon as the warm weather was settled, change of air.

"I tell you what it is," said Charles. "I am invited to spend a week in Paris with the Somervilles. I have never seen that splendid city. I will run over—spend my week—and come back to take you to Weymouth."

"That will be splendid," said Grace.

"Aunt Jane will be glad to see us," the young man continued, "and it will do Miriam good, I am sure."

Miriam agreed to everything, with a firm conviction that nothing would do her good in this world.

But Captain Charles Collins thought very differently. He had firm belief in change of scene and change of air as a remedy for all maladies.

And two days later the young officer in the Navy went away to pay his first visit to Paris.

The Somervilles were relations of his late mother, very excellent worthy people, moving in excellent circles, and very fond of their dashing young relative.

Of course Charles was delighted with Paris. Everybody is, especially at first sight. Everything is new and splendid.

The sights are many, and all is bright and gay to the unaccustomed eye.

The Somervilles inhabited the greater part of a vast hotel or mansion.

They were to remain the season, and were to receive a relay of visitors. Collins was one of those invited by young Henry Somerville, who was a lieutenant in the same ship with him.

The Somervilles were very gay, and the day after Charles Collins's arrival they gave a ball.

Lieutenant Charles Collins was dancing with Mary, the youngest daughter of the house.

When they ceased, and the officer was taking her to her seat, they passed a very handsome and aristocratic looking man, who bowed. He was quite young, but grave and almost cynical in his expression.

"May I ask who that is?" said Collins.

"That is the Hon. Marlow Fairfax of the Foreign Office, temporarily in charge of the embassy," said Mary Somerville.

"Indeed," replied the young officer.

Later in the evening Collins and his subordinate officer were together, when they neared the attache.

"Splendid-looking fellow that," remarked Collins to the younger officer.

"Yes; he looks rather grumpy, though, he replied, "would you like to know him?"

"With pleasure."

Somerville walked up with his friend to where the grave aristocrat stood.

"Mr. Fairfax, allow me to introduce to you my friend and superior officer, Captain Charles Collins," he said.

The young man started. He had seen the likeness before, and wondered.

"I am happy to make Mr. Collins's acquaintance," and then added: "Will you do me the favor to breakfast with me at the embassy to-morrow at eleven."

Of course such an invitation could not be very well refused. It was a high and unexpected honor.

As a matter of course the officer was punctual to the minute, and was received cordially by the young man.

The breakfast was well worthy of the embassy, where good cookery is proverbial.

When the breakfast was over he had some cigars put on the table.

"You will excuse me," he began, "but I spent some time at Lisdale this summer with the Prestons."

"Indeed!" cried Collins, much surprised.

"Yes. James Preston and I were at college together," he continued; "he is a capi-

tal fellow, and invited me to spend a couple of months with him. I had been ill."

"I hope it did you good," remarked Collins.

"A great deal of good," the attache went on. "I spent much of my time at your father's house. May I ask after your sister's health?"

"But indifferent," said Collins, beginning to have a little glimmering of the truth; "she is ordered to the seaside for her health."

"Then she is not Mrs. James Preston as yet?" asked Marlow Fairfax huskily.

"Mrs. James Preston!" gasped Charles. "The idea is preposterous. Besides, Miriam is too ill to think of such a thing.

"Great heavens! what is the meaning of this? No thought of marrying James Preston?"

"James Preston has long been engaged to another lady," said Charles. "But may I ask why you are so interested in the matter?"

"Charles Collins, I left Lisdale engaged to your sister," he replied warmly. "I came up to town to win my father's consent, which I did after some trouble. I had promised to return in two months. At the end of that time I was sent off here, the ambassador being ill, and the chief attache being wanted in Vienna. I wrote twice to your sister; I never had any answer. I then sent my man Morris down to make inquiries, and he came back pulling a long face, and told me Miss Collins was to be married to Mr. James Preston soon after Christmas. It was a settled thing."

"The rascal!" said Collins.

The attache rose and rang.

The servant from an antechamber appeared at once.

"Send Morris to me," was the curt command."

He came in with a jaunty air, but was terrified when the Hon. Marlow Fairfax caught him by the throat.

"This is Mr. Charles Collins," Marlow thundered. "Repeat your lies before him."

"Pardon! pardon!" the wretch cried.

"Did you post either of the letters? Speak the truth, or I'll break every bone in your wretched body."

"I never posted them," he whined.

"Did you ever go to Lisdale?" the other continued in a furious tone.

"Never, sir," he answered. "I went to the races, and enjoyed myself.

"Why all this lying rascality?" said his master. "Out with it!"

"I thought the lady in too humble a sphere for the heir-presumptive to the earldom of Fairfax," he answered.

"Go," said his master, letting him loose; "but be out of Paris in twenty-four hours. Do not apply to me for a character."

"I did it for your good, sir," he answered. "I have been a good, honest, faithful servant."

Both laughed; they could not help it.

"Get out of my sight," said the Hon. Marlow Fairfax, and the valet went out, smiling.

"Now, my dear Mr. Collins," continued his future brother-in-law, "will you at once write and explain all. It will come better from you. I will apply for leave, and we will go down together."

"I shall go and write at once," said Charles.

"In four days we will start," cried the attache. "What a fool I have been to believe that vagabond."

Charles hastened away and wrote to Grace.

Two days later, Miriam was seated in her music-room. She was ailing, and there was a fire in the grate. She reclined in an easy chair and appeared to be reading, but her thoughts were elsewhere.

Suddenly Grace burst into the room.

"Good news," she cried, fluttering a letter over Miriam's head. "It's all a mistake. Marlow Fairfax is true as steel."

"True," she gasped; "then why has he neglected me so long?"

She almost fainted.

Grace rang for a glass of wine, and then read Charley's letter. It told all the reader knows.

Miriam seemed to feel renewed life. After all, he was true and faithful to the core.

"They will be here in a week," added Grace, "both of them."

"Didn't you say heir presumptive of the Earl of Fairfax?" asked Miriam.

"Yes; his elder brother has never married," answered Grace; "he is in delicate health."

"And he would marry poor me?" cried the astonished daughter of the vicar.

Four days elapsed and no one seemed to know Miriam. All her elasticity had returned, while her face, though not as plump as usual, was rosy and refined.

A telegram announced their arrival at once, and Miriam and Grace took care to provide a most luxurious and delicate luncheon-table.

"One would think the Prince of Wales was coming," laughed her father.

"My prince is," thought Miriam.

We draw a veil over the scene that took place that pleasant May morning.

It was too sacred for description. All was explained. The vicar was amazed. He could not find words to express his surprise.

His daughter the future Countess of Fairfax. It was simply impossible. But it was true, for he lived to see the fact realized.

Miriam is a matron now; but she never forgets that trying time.

Sweet weather, whether it rains or not, and a red and lyn' catches the biggest fish of the season.

MIRACLES OF MEANNESS.

AVARICE, it has been justly said, is a weed that will grow in barren soil; it is generally found in those who have few good qualities to recommend them. The lives of all the celebrated misers will be found much the same in these particulars. They were very seldom married, they were unsocial, though sometimes fond of animal pets; they maintained existence on food, the quantity and quality of which a dog would have objected to; they were seldom stirred to the slightest degree of benevolence, and they nearly always disappointed the expectation of their heirs.

In the beginning of this century there was an old man named Fuller, who lived with his son in a hut consisting of two chambers and a sitting room. Their allowance of food was a mutton-chop apiece and a pint of porter between the two for the day—this last being a luxury they could not go without, proving that appetite was stronger than will. They went to bed in the dark. Old Fuller was a banker, and retained his clerks on low salaries by promising them legacies when he died. But the promises were not fulfilled; he wrote his will on the back of an old letter, and left all his property, worth $1,000,000, to his son.

Jeremy Taylor, a famous miser, used to say if his successors had as much pleasure in spending his property as he had in hoarding it up they need not complain of their hard lot in the world. Mention is made of a miser in Venice whose pulse quickened as in a fever on hearing a large sum of money mentioned.

When dying, he requested the spectators to withdraw from the room a few moments. They did so, but on returning they found the old man lying dead on a large bag, both his hands clutching a piece of gold.

The death of the miser Fosco, who amassed an immense fortune by usury and taking every advantage he could of the unfortunate, was dramatically appropriate. For reasons of safety he dug a hole in the ground and secreted his treasure there; he made a trap door with a spring lock, and would go down daily to gloat over his savings. He lived a solitary life; but one day his neighbors remarked that he had not been seen for an unusually long time. They made search for him through the house, the woods and in the ponds, but failed to find him. Years afterwards, when workingmen were repairing the house, they came across the secret cave in the cellar. On opening it they found Fosco's remains amid heavy bags of treasure. He had died with the object of his devotion.

The methods by which misers have accumulated their large fortunes are much the same; it was saving, rather than by making money, that they became rich. Daniel Dancer dined on two or three boiled eggs and warmed up his cold pancakes by carrying them in his pockets. Elwess, who was worth nearly a million dollars, carried old bones in his pockets, taking them out to his farm to be used as fertilizers. Another miser used to boil a piece of beef and fourteen hard dumplings on Sunday; that would be the allowance of food for himself and sister for the week. Dancer saved on soap, never using it or towels; he washed himself in the river and dried himself in the sun. He used to beg a pinch of snuff, putting it in a box he carried with him. This he exchanged for a farthing candle, which lasted until the box was again filled. He used an old meal sack for a shirt, and a bundle of straw for a pillow. But he was singularly generous to his dog, to whom he allowed a pint of milk a day. He died possessing $500,000.

A remarkable French miser, was at one time the Mayor of Bologne, and while in that position partly maintained himself by being milk-taster general at the market. While munching a scrap of bread he would partake of these gratuitous draughts. He always traveled to Paris on foot, and fearful lest he should be robbed, took good care never to have more than threepence in his pocket; if he needed more money he begged on the road. By some methods, and lending money to the French Government, he made a fortune of £3,000,000, sprung from a shilling. During the hard winter of 1734 he found it necessary to purchase some extra fuel, and endeavored to beat down the wood merchant in his price. The man drove off and the miser stole a few logs from the back of the cart. In hastening away with them he became overheated and contracted a bad fever. He sent for the surgeon telling him he wanted to be bled. As the surgeon charged a dollar, which was considered too much, a barber was called in, who agreed to open a vein for threepence. "But, my friend," said the cautious miser, "how often will it be requisite to bleed me?"

"Three times," replied the barber.

"Three times! And pray, what quantity of blood do you intend to take from me at each operation?"

"About eight ounces each time."

"That will be ninepence; too much! too much? I know a cheaper way; take the whole twenty-four ounces at once, that will save me sixpence." He saved his sixpence, but lost his life.

"I'm going to put a stop to it," squeaked an old woman as she flourished her umbrella at the car driver. And he had to brake the car before it ceased rolling.

A Good Baptist

clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear, but trust in Hop Bitters.

Our Young Folks.

UNNEIGHBORLY BRAN.

BY MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES.

BRAN formerly had his home in the country, but now times are indeed changed with this old hound; for having lived a retired life, in a place where there happened to be very few dogs, and only large ones, and being accustomed to hunt rabbits and hares, he got it into his stupid old head that every terrier or small dog he saw was a creature to be hunted likewise.

So to save him from the indignity of wearing a muzzle constantly, he is now always led along the streets to a place where he may stretch his long legs.

All day he lies at the back of a fence at a safe distance from the front gate, where, when the gate is left open he can look through the diamond-work trellis, and as the gate is often open, his friends hope that he will conclude the little creatures he fancies are "vermin" are dogs like himself.

Right opposite to the front gate is another gate, generally kept shut, and behind this lies, almost all day, a little terrier called Bertie.

Only the nose and a pair of gleaming dark eyes can be seen peering out from under the gate, and many a tap poor little Bertie's nose gets from the boys, who seem to take a cruel delight in rousing the temper of every dog they can get hold of.

Now Bran has somewhat shaken down a bit, though he is as much bent upon hunting other dogs as ever, only he has got over his astonishment at the supposed rabbits being able to bark.

I am not quite sure if he considers that they really are dogs even yet.

My own idea is, he fancies that they are mimicking him, as old Mary's parrot used to do in the country.

And as he has a kind heart in spite of his huge tusks, he barks now at the boys for teasing Bertie, and not at the little dog, and because he knows him best, allows him to pass the gate without any notice.

Skye, who lives over the wall to the east of him, he only knows by the sound of his bark, and the moment he knows he is out, up he jumps, and round he goes to the back of the house, till he gets as close as he possibly can to let him know he is keeping a good watch on his side of the wall, therefore he may save his breath.

Pollie little Midge, a Scottish terrier from close at hand, is received with a rush and a growl, and if the fence were not extra strong, Midge would suffer.

Of course he does not know that Bran looks upon him as a hare, not because he never barks, but because he sits up and begs at sight of any of the family out of politeness.

Then there is Cæsar, a St. Bernard dog, over the west wall, who keeps up a deep-voiced conversation with Bran as long as he pleases in quite a friendly tone; but the moment he sees Cæsar, his lips quiver and his hair seems to grow suddenly the wrong way—a sure sign that he is feeling, if he could only get out, that he would try the strength of his tusks on him.

But there is one dog in particular, that seems to be determined to melt the stubborn heart of Bran, and a dog that Bran has resisted, and refused to be on friendly terms with. This is his next door neighbor, Mickey, an Irish terrier.

The moment the gate is open, Mickey is off and away for a glorious wander by himself, and if any one meets him and wishes him good-morning, at the same time mentioning his name, he turns to them at once with a glance out of his roguish brown eyes, for a "good-morning" in return.

Mickey will trot along till a good opportunity offers for slipping away down a side street, but so cunningly does he manage it, that he is gone before you are aware.

The very first morning after our arrival, Mickey took an early opportunity to present himself at our gate to make the acquaintance of his immediate neighbor Bran, whose loud, deep barks he had replied to the moment he had been let out.

No doubt Mickey was puzzled to find that his civil speeches were not understood, so that he trotted in at our gate, determined to see if this were a foreigner, and to inquire what dog he would call in as an interpreter.

But even the stout heart of Mickey was appalled at the savage rush Bran made against the paling at him.

Mickey made his escape into the street to recover his breath, and like the spirited dog he is, returned once more, though it must be owned a little more cautious.

But Bran was furious, and barked more than ever.

Mickey got in behind a bush, then made little rushes out into the open ground, darting once more to a place of safety, and before long, being a hunting-dog himself, he discovered that Bran did not regard him as a dog at all, but some strange beast to be hunted down and killed.

If ever a dog laughed, it was Mickey that day; you couldn't help seeing he was convulsed with inward laughter, and had not an organ-man stopped and begun to play, no doubt Mickey would have stood longer to enjoy the joke.

Poor Mickey's joy, however, was turned into sadness at the first note of the organ, and he had to rush off to his own gate to hide his head, and howl all the time the sound reached his ears.

Usually every morning, Mickey appeared for weeks to renew the capering and rushing out and in, laughing to himself immensely at the stupidity of such a big dog insisting upon taking him for a hare.

A few days ago Mickey was missed, and though Bran watched for him eagerly, and ran round the wall barking, or yelping rather, as he does when he wants any one to come to him, Mickey never put in an appearance.

At the end of the week, however, what was our surprise to see Mickey come in at the gate free no longer.

On account of the edict issued by the magistrate that all dogs must be chained up or muzzled, there stood Mickey half-way up the walk with his stump of a tail hanging down, his head and his poor old mouth and nose safely shut up inside a dog muzzle.

Even Bran felt for the depressed state of the poor Irish terrier, and gave a yelp to express his sympathy, for Bran remembers that there is one hanging up beside his strap and collar ready to put on his own nose.

Mickey turned away with a groan, and a turning up of the whites of his eyes that betrayed too plainly his feeling of wretchedness.

But before I close, you will be glad to hear that this very morning Mickey rushed panting in at our gate, barking and yelping in such wild delight, that Bran's breath was so completely taken away that he forgot to make his usual rush on him; and so we were all able to understand that Mickey had fallen upon a capital plan, and that was—to put himself under the protection of the policeman, to follow at his heels as if he belonged to him.

They had always been good friends before, being countrymen, and when the policeman was spoken to about Mickey, he replied—

"Aye, shure, and he wouldn't hurt a fly. He's as sensible a dog as you'll find anywhere; we've made a bargain, that if he keeps himself under me eye it's free he'll be as long as I'm on my rounds; but I've got the muzzle in me pocket."

Either the sight of Mickey's muzzled nose has opened Bran's eyes to the fact that the terrier is a dog—a second cousin of his, perhaps—or during the few days Mickey was shut up waiting for his muzzle to be made, Bran was very dull without him; anyway, understanding the sound of Bran's yelps, I almost think that if Mickey were to screw up his courage and walk through the bars, Bran would receive him with open paws instead of open mouth.

Perhaps in time, as Mickey is a dog of not a little sense, he may yet discover that old Bran wishes to be unneighborly no longer.

HOW WE USE MUMMIES.—"Step behind here a moment, sir?" said my friend, a dealer in artists' materials, "you might like to look at this."

And there, in the little room behind the shop, on the table, lay a complete Egyptian mummy in perfect preservation, down to the gaudy burial clothes wrapped around him; only a portion of the right leg was wanting.

"So you do a little business in curiosities?" I said to him.

"Well, no, sir, not exactly; not but what he's a curiosity, and a fine one, too. Why, Johnson, you know—he that paints the Egyptian pictures—he was here looking him over, and he says he can tell by the clothes and the writing how he was some big swell—a high priest, I think he said, or maybe a king."

"But did you pick him up a bargain, then? I suppose he's for sale?"

"No, sir—that is, he's for sale and he's not for sale; we use them in the trade."

"Use them! What do you mean?"

"Well, I'll tell you you, sir. You know the brown color called mummy; I've often sold it to you; well, that's what it's made of."

"What, out of the cloth and fibres?"

"No, sir, out of the body of him. You see his face there; well, that's about the tone; we break him up as we want him. I've ground up his right leg already; he's all good, head and all."

"Ground him up! What! You grind up dead men to make paint with!"

"Well, it ain't like dead man quite, you see, sir; he's been like that three or four thousand years, maybe; mostly spice, I reckon; and it's a fine solid color they make. We have a lot of 'em over. They cost about fifty dollars a piece.

Then came a shrill cry of "Wanted in the shop!" and this vender of human pigments returned to his counter.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.—A great deal has been said and written concerning the pleasures of memory; but how sad a thing it would be if we could remember all the disagreeable episodes of the past. We should hardly be willing to have another tooth pulled if we remembered just how that last one hurt. If someanen who must cross the ocean a second time were to have clearly in their minds the misery and despair of that first week's sea-sickness, they would stay at home at the risk of bankruptcy, or of social ruin. And those disagreeable things that are said to us—things that cut to the quick, and sting like a spider's bite—what if we must always have them fresh in memory? What was if that, last month, made trouble between us and those whom we dearly love? And oh, what a burden existence would become if we would remember all the stupid or foolish things we have said or done? It is well for us that we cannot remember even our own thoughts. M. S.

MEN speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead? The world's being saved will not save us, nor the world's being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves.

THE FALSE ORACLE.

BY M. A. V.

She picked a little daisy bower
With fringe of snow, and heart of gold;
All pure without, and warm within,—
And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low, she musing said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all -
With truest heart beyond belief."

"A little too much -not at all,
So rang the changes o'er and o'er;
The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little too much not at all
With truest heart"—Oh, magic brief!
Ah! foolish task, to measure out
Love's value on a daisy leaf!

For as she pulled the latest left
With "not at all," I heard her say:
"As much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."

A TALK ABOUT TEA.

THE fact that tea is in Europe quite a modern institution is in many ways remarkable, and deserves consideration. Its universal adoption and vast consumption in our own country remind us that it belongs in these respects to the same class as coffee, potatoes and tobacco. Of these tobacco and potatoes date back to the days of Elizabeth. Coffee, though not much used until the time of the second Charles, was then regarded with much favor, and was extensively patronized. Tea, the latest arrival of the four, came strongly recommended, and, but for its costliness, would have been adopted more widely than it was for a number of years.

The subject is a pleasant one, and we will commence our statements by noting two or three of the well known passages in which it is alluded to by our poets. Every one is familiar with the lines of Cowper:

> Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
> And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
> Throw up a steamy column, and the cups
> That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,

At that time tea was in much more general use than when Pope wrote his often quoted couplet;—

> Here, thou great Anna, whom three realms obey,
> Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.

Tea drinking was then somewhat of a luxury, and one in which the poor could not often indulge. It was quite an [illegible] previously adopted as highly beneficial, and an excellent substitute for alcoholic beverages. This is how Waller speaks of it at an earlier date:

> The muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid
> Repress those vapors which the head invade,
> And keep that palace of the soul serene.

The fondness of literary men for tea has often been noticed, and in some cases, as in that of Dr. Johnson, has been excessive. The following bit of gossip concerning the great lexicographer is sufficiently characteristic and amusing. It is from the pen of Cumberland, who says:—"I remember when Sir Joshua Reynolds at my house reminded him that he had drunk eleven cups, he replied, 'Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why should you number up my cups of tea? And then, laughing in perfect good humor, he added, 'Sir, I should have released the lady from my further trouble if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland and to round up the number.

"When he saw the readiness and complacency with which my wife obeyed the call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said, 'Madame, I must tell you, for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did awhile ago, upon whose patience I intruded more than I have on yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose but to make a zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of. So, madam, I had my revenge of her; for I swallowed five and twenty cups of her tea, and did not treat her with as many words.'"

Dr. Aitkin observes:—"The introduction of tea, as the beverage of a man of letters, is a curious circumstance in dietetical history. I cannot but regard it as a very [illegible] discovery, and I think the literary [illegible] to these watery [illegible] to [illegible] than [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to avoid a radical relief to overworked women and servant girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them, and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

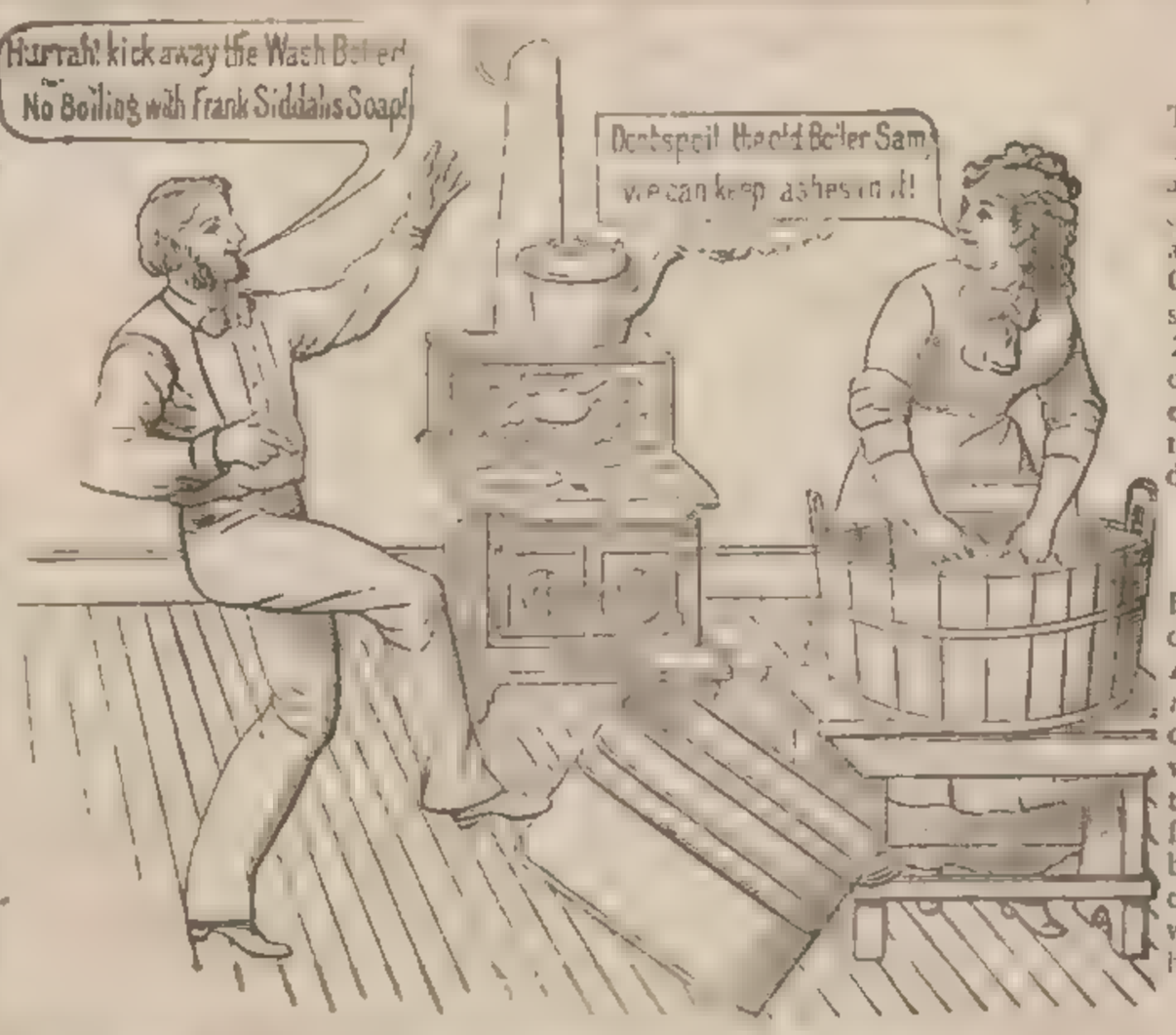
The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.



Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Through the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions:

1st. Inclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction is carefully followed.

Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage-stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm; a tea kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, despite of the most careful housekeeper, which leaves some left-handed specks that are on this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and when the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

First.—Cut the soap in half, and it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap gently, not missing any soiled places. **Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.**

Next.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out. Turn each garment inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets out too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, as the Frank Siddalls Soap is not rubbed lightly and the dirt will drop out. Underclothing needs a little more rubbing, as a streak is hard to wash; soap it again and turn back the sleeves for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the washboard nor in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains as can be done only by the old way of washing.

Next comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard, squeeze the soapy, and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

Next the blue water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use starch only when it is ordered. Blue takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the water and then add a little of the Frank Siddalls Soap.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue water, wring them and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and do not rinse a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will not smell soapy, and will be as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and treat them in the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor is it necessary, to put clothes to soak overnight. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes it harder in order to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs and other Domestic Animals. The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal. It is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals are attracted by dirt where the animal is unclean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of mixing of the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving. It leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft. Try it for Washing the Baby; try it for curing Sores, Wounds and for Hospitals. Use generally in place of the Imported Castile Soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or other soaps seem to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin, it can be used in the bath and toilet, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing Invalids it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn. In Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

A few of the MANY THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS that are received at the Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP are printed in this week's "Saturday Evening Post." By reference to Mr. Siddall's affidavit, it will be seen that he makes positive affidavit that these testimonials are all genuine. In addition, a gentleman connected with the staff of this paper has personally examined every one of the postals and letters from which the testimonials were copied, and THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY GENUINE, proving that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP will do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, and will make clothes clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding,

and that any statements to the contrary are either ignorant falsehoods or malicious falsehoods.

It surpasses all other soap, and the labor in washing is not half what it is the old way.

Bennett, Neb., June 18, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall.

Dear Sir:—After a trial of your way of washing with your Soap, it gives me great pleasure to state that it surpasses all other soaps and preparations that I have seen used. The labor is hardly half what it is the old way. Please send me prices. Yours respectfully,

SALOME WILSON

A voice from the far West, from a large co-operative concern.

We have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and the success is so great that we must have it. It is certainly all you say it is. I am President of a Co-operative Concern, where we have eight clerks, and desire your list of prices, as we must have it.

JAMES W. TAYLOR,
Lehi City, Utah Co., Utah.

June 23, 1881.

Can be termed the Housekeeper's Relief.

Have used your Soap according to the directions, and find it a complete cleanser and sweetener of all clothing, and will use no other if I can procure it, and will do all I can to introduce it among my friends. I think it can be termed "the Housekeeper's Relief," for the old wash-day is one of the most trying that falls to the lot of housekeepers.

MRS. J. B. LITTLE,
McGaheysville, Buckingham Co., Va.

June 20, 1881.

Must prove a great boon to the human family.

North Haverhill, N. H., June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir:—The Soap you sent me has been tried, and the result, for clothes, shaving, and other purposes, has proven satisfactory. I think its general use must prove a great boon to the human family. Respectfully yours,

F. EASTMAN.

Washes in the hard water of Kansas.

Sir:—I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, both with hard and soft water, and with satisfactory results, the labor not being more than one-half what it would have been with other soap, while the articles washed were cleaner and whiter than by the old plan. I used the Soap exactly by the directions.

MARY THAYER,
Ottumwa, Coffee Co., Kan.

June 11, 1881.

Used both in soft and hard water.

Monticello, Minn., June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir:—The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came to hand, and I have tried it both in soft and hard water, and I pronounce it the best Soap I have ever used. Please give me the price by the box.

MRS. J. W. HANAFORD.

A reverend gentleman and his family perfectly astonished.

Dear Sir:—The cake of soap came to hand last Saturday, and to-day we tried it on a family wash. When the clothes came from the wash we were astonished. They were—well, see Mark ix. 3 for a description.

We are delighted, and now I want to know the prices, for my wife says she never wants to go back to the old way of washing. Yours truly,

REV. C. CALEENER.

A two weeks' wash done in two hours, and the authority of a postmistress for saying so.

I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and am very much pleased with it, and have done a two weeks' wash in two hours, which would have taken half a day's hard labor to do by the old way of washing. Any woman can do her own washing with it, as the Soap does all the hard work. Some of the clothes were very badly soiled, but came out clean and white. Please let me know by return mail what it will cost, as I don't see how I can do without it.

Yours respectfully,

C. WASHABAUGH, P. M.,
Broad Ford, Pa.

June 15, 1881.

A heartfelt tribute to the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Dear Sir:—There are not words in the English language to express the gratitude at the result of the Frank Siddalls Soap. I find it just as recommended, and believe in time it will be as universally used as the sewing machine. If I cannot persuade any of our grocerymen to order it, I shall send for some for myself and to supply my friends. Please let me know the price.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH,
Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y.

July 5, 1881.

Makes flannels as soft as new.

Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

We found your Soap to be more than you claim for it, for my wife says that for washing white flannels she never saw anything that came anywhere near equaling it, for they were very stiff, and had a stained look, but after one washing with the Frank Siddalls Soap they came out clean and white and as soft as new.

JAMES F. BEACH.

A success for washing colored clothes.

Forge Village, Mass., June 26, 1881.

Mr. Siddall:

I received your Soap, and have used it according to directions. It works charmingly. I like it better than any soap I have ever used. I was a little afraid of it on colored clothes, but used it as the directions say, and they looked as nice as I could want. Would like to know the price by the box, as our grocer does not keep it. Yours truly.

MRS. SARAH P. PRESCOTT.

AFFIDAVIT.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared Frank H. Siddall, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C. Baker & Co.; attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica, and the Preparation of Medicines, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March, 1856; and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP—a period of twenty-five years—was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug Business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I hereby make solemn affidavit that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that my success in the production of such a superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business, the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that statements that it will not do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, are malicious or ignorant falsehoods; that it actually makes clothing clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and is equally good for calico, lawns, blankets, flannels, fine laces and fine clothing, as well as the more soiled garments of farmers, miners, blacksmiths and laborers; removing the grime, dust and dirt from the skin of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk utensils, and the hands of those who attend to milking, and superior for cleaning nursing bottles and tubing, and consequently of great advantage in the nursery; and that it can be made to go so much further than other soap for all uses, and saves so much fuel when used on the family wash, that it is the cheapest soap that even the poorest family can buy.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap, for toilet, shaving, bathing, and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth, and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge, from my own personal and home experience, that even its long-continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1881.

EZRA LUKENS, Magistrate of Court No. 12.

One of the wonders of the nineteenth century.

I have inclosed post-office order for one box of The Frank Siddalls Soap. We esteem it one of the wonders of the nineteenth century, and would not be without it. Please send as freight, and direct to

MRS. MARY E. BREWER,
214 College Street, Middletown, Conn.

A boon to womankind.

157 Wilton Street, Jersey City, June 29, 1881.

My wife desires me to write and say she is delighted with the Soap you sent as a labor-saver and thorough cleanser. "She never saw the like." It has no equal; it possesses all the peculiar characteristics you claim for it, and it is truly "a boon to womankind." We shall never be without it, and you have many thanks for your kindness in sending us a sample.

Very truly yours,

E. F. CROWEN.

The Frank Siddalls Soap saves money.

Morristown, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Your Soap was received and given a good test by my wife.

It saves money in several ways, to wit: Saves soap, wood, water, etc. Will always be glad to give it the best recommendation of any soap that we have had anything to do with. Yours respectfully,

GEO. H. RUSSEL.

P. S.—How can we get the Soap? We keep store, and would like to have your Soap for sale.

Washed forty-five pieces in two hours, and never saw better washing.

Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, June 14, 1881.

We gave your Soap a fair trial on a large wash for six persons—executed the whole job in about two hours, and find the soap everything it is recommended to be. I never saw better washing; the ladies are delighted, and now I want to know the price for two or three boxes.

Yours truly, W. E. CARMEY.

As soon think of doing without bread and butter.

After giving the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial, I can conscientiously say that it is all you recommend it to be. I should about as soon be without bread and butter at my meals, as now to be without the Frank Siddalls Soap.

MRS. M. I. THORN,
Box 201, Alden, Erie County, N. Y.

June 27, 1881.

It is no humbug.

Loudonville, Ashland County, Ohio.

The Frank Siddalls Soap has been tried under my close supervision, and I am convinced that it is no humbug. It recommends itself. Inclosed I send you money order for one box, which please send to my address.

June 29, 1881. N. SCHMITZ.

Will wash badly stained articles.

May 2, 1881.

I have washed with your Soap according to the directions, and find that it does all you claim for it. Some of the articles were badly stained, and it took the stains out with little trouble or labor. Please let me know the price by the box.

MAG. A. PETTUS,
Paraclifa, Saxier Co., Arkansas.

It is hard to go back to the old way.

Murdock, Douglass Co., Ill., June 26, 1881.

Sir:—I found your soap to be all it is recommended, for it saves me more than half the labor. It is hard to go back to the old way of washing. Please let me know how you sell it and I will send for some, for it is remarkable how it works.

KATE KRACHT.

A most wonderful and labor-saving discovery.

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss., June 14, 1881.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

Your Soap fulfills in every particular all you claim for it. It is so satisfactory that my wife wishes me to buy a box of it. It is a most wonderful and labor-saving discovery, and I shall not hesitate to recommend it in the strongest terms to my neighbors. Send me your terms for one or more boxes. Yours respectfully,

L. RAWSON.

"A person don't know how easy a washing is until Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes is tried."

Arapahoe, Furnas Co., Nebraska, June 9, 1881.

Tried your Soap yesterday on a big wash, and I can thankfully say that it does all that is claimed for it: and the clothes came off the line cleaner and whiter than the old way of washing makes them. A person don't know how easy a washing is, until they try Frank Siddalls way of washing; it does away with the hard work.

Now I want to know the price of the Soap by the box, for I expect to use no other. Respectfully yours,

SALLIE MEYERHOEFFER.

God bless the inventor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Hensburg, Tioga Co., Pa., June 15, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap was received and used by the directions, and I was surprised at the results. Your Soap is all you claim it to be. God bless the inventor of Frank Siddalls Soap!

Yours respectfully, J. P. MORRELL.

Its softening effects on the skin a reality.

Yazoo City, Mississippi, July 5, 1881.

I have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial under my personal supervision, and am more than pleased and satisfied with the result. In addition to its other merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

MRS. M. A. HARRISON.

Charmed with its wonderful work.

St. Joseph, Louisiana, June 20, 1881.

Have tried the Soap in strict accordance with the directions, and am charmed with it. Its work is wonderful. I would like to know where to get more, and the price by the box.

MRS. H. NICHOLS.

From a Philadelphia Grocer, showing that sensible wash-women recommend it.

61st St. and Hazel Av., West Phila., July 7, 1881.

Dear Sir:—We have been using your Soap for some time, and find it all that you promise. Our wash-woman uses it just as directed, and has no trouble in washing, and we sell a great deal through her recommendation.

J. C. HAEFLICH, Grocer.

The dirt all came out with the Soap.

Hadley, Lapeer Co., Mich.

Dear Sirs:—We have followed your directions, and are very much pleased with the result. While we were washing out the soap from the clothes the dirt all came out. We have never used anything to wash with that began to compare with your Soap.

Please inform us what your terms are, and oblige

MRS. A. N. HART.

The rubbing is so light that it does not seem like work.

Muldoon, Mississippi, June 12, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap received, and gives perfect satisfaction. The only trouble with it is that the rubbing is so light that it does not seem at all like work. How, and at what price can I obtain the Soap by the box? Yours, etc.,

MRS. A. KILMER.

The happiest wash-day in thirty-seven years.

Dear Sir:

My wife and servant have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial according to directions. And now let me say: Thirty and seven years have I lived in this evil world, and never before have I seen such a happy wash-day: no steam, no heat, no unpleasant odor, no work. Please send price for box at once, as we want it in time for the wash next week. Very truly,

J. C. STEPHENS.
Trinity M. E. Church.

Lafayette, Ind., June 27, 1881.

A prejudiced jury decides in favor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Butler, Pendleton Co., Ky., June 16, 1881.

Have just put The Frank Siddalls Soap on trial, having submitted the case to a prejudiced jury (my wife). The verdict is in favor of the Soap. My wife says it will do all that is claimed for it in the way of washing clothes, and no mistake. Please give me information as to how it can be procured. Yours truly,

C. A. WANDELOHR.

Not only all, but more than is claimed for it, and Frank Siddall will be regarded as a public benefactor.

409 Larimer St., P. O. Box 1763, Denver, Col.

I have used The Frank Siddalls Soap as directed, and was gratified to find that it was not only all, but more than you claimed for it. As soon as your Soap is in general use you will be regarded as a public benefactor. Please advise me of the price by the box, for I must have it for my use, as I find it good for all purposes; and although when I sent for it I thought it to be a humbug, I now most cheerfully bear testimony to its genuineness and worth.

Yours very truly,

MRS. M. W. BRANDENBURG.

The Frank Siddalls Soap too much for the black, waxy soil of the West.

Brandon, Hill Co., Tex., June 12, 1881.

Dear Sir:—Today my wife has done a big wash with your Soap, and is delighted with it; says it don't take half the water the old way does, and she don't have to stand over a steam bath from boiling hot suds, and the clothes dry out clear and white; and smell as nice.

Our black, waxy soil makes clothing awful dirty, but your soap roots it out with but little rubbing.

Our water is very hard, but your Soap washes nicely in it, and we did not have to use soda or lye as we do when using other soap. Please send prices.

GEORGE BLANCHARD.

It is not asking much to ask for one wash-day a FAIR, HONEST TRIAL of the Most Wonderful Soap and the Most Wonderful Way of Washing Clothes Ever Discovered.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for washing mirrors, window glass, car windows, and all kinds of glass vessels; also for washing milk utensils, and for removing the smell from the hands after milking. Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few buckets of water will answer for doing a large wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to the directions.

New Publications.

"Cobwebs and Cable" is the somewhat whimsical title of a novel by Hesba Stratton, an English authoress of some celebrity. It is an interesting, readable tale, without any particular pretensions to shining merit in any respect. It has been written with a view to amuse only, and this its lively plot, clear-drawn characters, and spirited method of narration will be sure to accomplish. We can recommend it as sure to pass the time agreeably, where nothing better is to be had. Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers, New York. For sale by Perkinpine & Higgins, 914 Arch street. Price $1.00.

"Paul Hart: or, the Love of his Life." This is a thoroughly American story of real life, without sensational exaggeration, yet full of incident, and exhibiting, in a marked manner, the various characteristics of the persons through whom the plot is simply yet artistically developed, and will be welcomed by the reading public as much for its complete probability as for its well-sustained interest and originality. The scene is principally laid in New York, and the interest is mainly concentrated on the adventures of Paul Hart, from childhood to successful manhood. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Vick's Floral Guide—which has no superior in any respect on either side of the Atlantic—appears for August in a magnificently illustrated cover of new design. The inside matter is fresh, seasonable, practical and just what all lovers of flowers need. James Vick, Rochester, New York.

Blackwood's Magazine in the Leonard Scott Company's reprint has an article giving an account of the "Defence of Standerton," in the Transvaal operations. "Reminiscences of Prison Life" follows. There is a second paper on "The Land of Khemi," treating of "The Labyrinth and the Lakes." Part IX, of "The Private Secretary" is printed. Other papers are "A French Lady and her friends;" "King Bomba's Point—a West African Story;" "Recollections a la Fourchette;" "Tunis;" and "The Late Andrew Wilson." Received from W. B. Zeiber.

Appleton's Journal for September opens with Part IV of "Saints and Sinners." Other articles both new and interesting are: "A Peep at French Schools," "Clement Marot," "A Siberian Exile Eighty Years Ago," "Charles Lamb's Humor," "Candidating, or Old Times in the Southwest," "Man's Place in Nature," "M. Littre and the Dictionary of the French Language," "Bonaparte," "Strange Players," "The Curiosities of Criticism," "Sincerity in Biography," etc., etc. "The Editor's Table," and other departments are, as usual, well-filled. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

MARRY NOT WITHOUT LOVE.—The most egregious blunder in a life's history is committed when a woman marries one man and loves another. This, unfortunately, is by no means an anomalous occurrence. History repeats itself daily when women, actuated by worldly pride or influenced friends, are led to the altar by those men whom they barely like, while in the inmost recesses of their hearts they love another, and constantly long for another's sympathy, another's kiss, another's love.

A woman walking the avenue of life, having made this mistake, tries to be, and sometimes fancies she is, happy; but when in the solitude of her own thoughts, misgivings arise which render life miserable to a degree.

Let no chaste and virtuous woman, endowed with God-given attributes, plunge thoughtlessly into this deep and engulfing current without seriously considering her position; for let her be warned that the step once taken is irrevocable and life-blinding, and no power on earth can relieve her misery or assist in making her life endurable. What is life without love? Pitiable, indeed, is that woman who, either by her voluntary act or through the influence of others, denies herself the pleasure it was the Almighty's intention she could enjoy. Take the young girl who marries an old man, and what in her life? A constant despair and longing for what it might have been.

A very common occurrence is the marriage of a young woman to a man who idolizes her, but for whom she has but toleration. Yet carried away by the prospect of an easy life, or influenced by parents or friends who often have a selfish motive in influencing, she places herself beyond the reach of that destiny for which she was intended and for which she was created. Let sober, temperate, deliberate, and mature thoughts be her guide, and she will then act according to her heart's promptings, and in doing thus we challenge an instance when regret has followed.

It is said experience is the best of teachers; but what is experience but mature thought? Then let her be actuated by her own motives, influenced by her own desires, controlled by her own circumstances, exercise her own judgment, and abide the promptings of her own heart, and we shall have fewer unhappy marriages. M. S.

A DEAF Englishman tried to pass himself off as an Irishman by saying that he was an haxile of 'ourin'.

THE highest hopes and interest of the race rest on the purity, health and strength of womanhood. We take pleasure in referring our readers to the remarkable efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in all that class of diseases from which women suffer so much.

IN M FLAT.

My Madeline—my Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans:
Much may my melting music mean,
My modulated monotones.

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,
My mental music magazine,
My mouth, my mind, my memory,
Must mingling murmur "Madeline!"

Master 'mid midnight masquerade,
Mark modest maidens, matrons' mien,
'Mongst Mantua's most majestic maids,
Match me my matchless Madeline!

Mankind's malevolence may make
Much melancholy music mine;
Many my motives may mistake,
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood
Mars mollifies my mind's machine;
My mournfulness' magnitude
Melts—makes me merry, Madeline!

Match-making mas may machinate,
Maneuvring misses me miswear;
Mere money may make many mate,
My magic motto's—"Madeline!"

U. N. NOSE.

Humorous.

Men of high-standing—Roofers.

It is the dressmaker who always makes the train.

Apple Jack is said to be first cousin to Jim Jams.

The crow is the best corn extractor of which we know.

The fly that walks on oleomargarine is not the butterfly.

An exchange remarks that eating is a chair-at-table nut.

Should a hungry man become a martyr because he goes to the steak?

A crank is a new name for a lunatic. It shows that something has turned his head.

A certain musical critic is so full of music that he finds it impossible to eat his meals save with a tuning-fork.

"I'll feed my boarders on the fat of the land," observed Mrs. Stuffem, as she paid for a tub of oleomargarine.

"All things come to him who waits, but a quarter judiciously bestowed on a waiter will hurry things up a little.

A man advertises: "Hands wanted on boys' pants." Hands won't do any good now-a-days. It needs a leather strap.

Old proverb: "The darkest hour is just before the day," remarked Sambo, when he started out before daybreak to hunt up a chicken for breakfast.

If anyone were to pick the pocket of a conundrum sitting on a moonbeam, what popular chorus would he perform? Ri-fol-the-riddle-on-the ray!

Natural history! "Why does a cat swallow a mouse head foremost? is one of the momentous questions of the hour. In order to save its tail for a toothpick.

Midsummer conundrum: Johnson—"Smith, what kind of a beast would you prefer to be if you had to be one?" Smith—"Well, just at this time of the year I'd rather be a little bare."

Clams are now made of india rubber, and painted so artistically that they cannot be told from the genuine article. For making clam chowder a few dozen of them will last a restaurant a lifetime.

There may be other worlds than this, as astronomers claim, but we don't believe that any of 'em can beat the gymnastics performed by our folks when the head rope of a hammock suddenly decides to let go.

Texas editors have no music in their souls. One at Dallas, who was serenaded with a chorus of sixteen voices, said in his paper that "the peaceful night was broken by the screams of a gang of wild hyenas."

A millionaire, who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had had sold it to him: "I do admire a rich, green flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.

Statistics show there is one lunatic for every four hundred people in France. Well, that's enough. One lunatic, if he can get off all his clothes and find a knife eleven inches long, can furnish very active employment for just about four hundred people.

A boy came home from school much excited and told his father that he believed all human beings were descended from apes, which made the old man so mad that he replied, angrily: "That may be the case with you, but it ain't with me, I can tell you that, now."

The baby was given a candy whistle, and, baby-like, straightway began to devour it. "No, no," said his mother, "baby must not eat it; nasty, nasty!" "Oh, let him eat it," said pater-familias, looking over his newspaper; "I'm glad to see that Tommy has such a fine musical taste."

A little girl, having been punished for half emptying a pot of jam, in her mother's absence from the room, was asked by her, "Now, Amy, what would you say to me if I had done such a thing?" "Why, mamma, I should say, as the pot has been begun, I think you had better finish it."

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charley." "What is honorably, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather Charley would divide it."

At a convention of dime novel writers held in New York the other day it was unanimously resolved not to introduce in their works of fiction hereafter any boy as hero who has not robbed his father of $5,000, tortured his little brother, served six months in jail, set fire to a neighbor's house, committed highway robbery, and run away from home to exterminate Indians.

There is a good deal of helpful philosophy in the course of the good-natured man who had a pile of small cherries on his plate, and who made them taste better by looking at them through a magnifying-glass and saying to himself, "Those are the biggest and handsomest cherries I ever saw."

"Charles," she said, as she brushed his hair back from his forehead when he sat reading the paper yesterday morning, "Why is a watch-dog smaller in the morning than he is at night?" "He ain't." "Yes he is. Because he has to be let out at night and taken in in the morning."

It is remarkable how many things will explode—bottles of catsup, doughnuts, soda water fountains, boilers, roast potatoes, and now man. Lately we read in a novel that "Eugenie's father, upon hearing this, exploded with indignation." This should teach fathers never to fool with indignation.

An Oil City man who suspected that his servant girl was in the habit of using kerosene for kindling, put just a taste of nitro-glycerine into the oil-can, as a test. Contrary to expectation, nothing happened; but a day or two later the girl came around and asked him to subscribe something towards buying a new stove for her poor old mother, as theirs had fallen to pieces.

Old Tenpercent went to church last Sunday. The minister, he says, had a good deal to say about the Pool of Bethesda. Tenpercent didn't wait to hear all the sermon but rushed home to look over his securities. He got stuck by the Jersey pool and in Union Pacific, and he didn't mean to get caught again, not if he knew himself. Fortunately, however, he didn't have any Bethesda.

The late Dean Stanley is said to have rarely made a gesture when preaching. One day after morning service he asked his wife if she had noticed the intensity with which the congregation had gazed upon during the sermon. "How could they help it, my dear," said Lady Augusta, "when one of your gloves was on the top of your head the whole time?" The dean having taken his hat off on entering the pulpit, the glove therein had fallen on his head, and, as he stood quite still when preaching, there it remained.

Those sad-looking persons who appears in town between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening, laden down with lunch baskets, and covered with perspiration and sunburn, and who climb wearily into the horse cars and are dragged home as if all hope had fled, have not all suddenly been bereft of friends and property by some mysterious dispensation of Providence, as they would seem to import. No, indeed! They have been down by the sad sea waves on a picnic, and have kept up a hollow pretence of mirth by filling their interiors with smoky clam chowder and hard-boiled eggs, and what you now perceive is the inevitable reaction which follows such festivities.

A Healthy State.

People are constantly changing their homes from East to West and from North to South and vice versa in search of a healthy State. If they would learn to be contented, and to use the celebrated Kidney-Wort when sick they would be much better off. The whole system can be kept in a healthy state by this simple but effectual remedy. See large advertisement.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 40 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

1220 North 41st Street,
PHILADELPHIA, February 22, 1881.

HOLMAN PAD CO.,

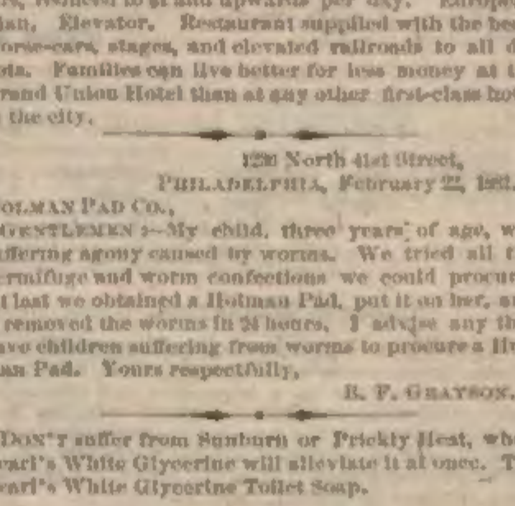
GENTLEMEN:—My child, three years of age, was suffering agony caused by worms. We tried all the vermifuge and worm confections we could procure. At last we obtained a Holman Pad, put it on her, and it removed the worms in 24 hours. I advise any that have children suffering from worms to procure a Holman Pad. Yours respectfully,

R. F. GRAYSON.

DON'T suffer from Sunburn or Prickly Heat, when Pearl's White Glycerine will alleviate it at once. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Toilet Soap.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED



STOMACH
BITTERS

Malaria is an Unseen Vaporous

Poison, spreading disease and death in many localities, for which quinine is no genuine antidote, but for the effects of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not only a thorough remedy, but a reliable preventive. To this fact there is an overwhelming array of testimony, extending over a period of thirty years. All disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels are also conquered by the Bitters.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparations. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

Catarrh

Rev. T. P. Childs, Troy, Ohio has the only known means of Permanent Cure for this loathsome disease. A full Statement of his method sent free. CURE yourself at HOME. No charge for consultation by mail. Address

REV. T. P. CHILDS TROY, OHIO

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

By sending 25c money, or 30c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 41, Fultonville, N.Y.

Facetiæ.

If you let a man a loan he is apt to let you alone.

"When a bank "goes up" it generally fails to "come down."

One measure in which all civilized nations agree—The churchyard.

Life opens with a rattle in the hand, and ends with a rattle in the throat.

Saluting the flag—The penalty of treading on orange-peel on the sidewalk.

The mosquito is a much-abused insect—most everybody has a slap at him.

The man who gives his friend a glass of home-brewed beer malt-treats him.

"How is business?" asked a man of a glazier. "Putty good," was the reply.

It has been thought that the best of the four seasons for arithmetic is the summer.

When we used to quarrel with our little brother over a piece of pie, he always took our part as well as his own.

It was remarked of an agriculturist that although he had been growing sage for years he had not grown wise at all.

At a picnic party the other day a youth who recklessly hugged all the girls, was put down as a free and easy fellow.

The latest attempt to raise money that we hear of is by a fellow who tried to pawn the "silent watches of the night."

Two bicyclers in Newport lately had a collision, in broad daylight, in an open street. It badly smashed the vehicle of one, and the ribs of another.

Most of these cases of "genuine Asiatic cholera" occur in country towns where three old women and a bunch of catnip constitute the Board of Health.

At a police court: "Magistrate, with severity? "Prisoner, I find that you have already been convicted several times." Prisoner—"Yes, your honor, but not here."

Gentleman, who has eaten a very bad dinner at a restaurant: "Waiter, tell the Borgia of this establishment that next time I dine here it will be somewhere else!"

If the men were as silent about their ages as women, we shouldn't hear so many army reminiscences as we now do. The ladies are worthy of being patterned after in this regard.

"The stern joy that warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel" is only equalled by the righteous satisfaction one has in having finally killed a contumacious fly which has been bothering him for an hour.

An old farmer was wondering "why in these days it seems impossible to have an honest horse race," when a neighbor interrupted him with the remark that, "it's because we haven't an honest human race."

An editor, in quest of special attractions for his paper, says: "What we want for this column is personalities as mean as possible. Expense of libel suits to be defrayed by the writer; funeral expenses by us."

To a little girl whose mother is deaf—"Auntie: "Why, Edith, just look at your apron! It is all torn and dirty—what will mamma say?" Niece: "Oh, she won't know the difference; she's terribly deaf."

An Albany youth was arrested on Sunday evening for attempting to rob poor-boxes at one of the churches. He ought not to be punished, for it is evident he is insane, or he'd never expect to find any money in a poor-box.

Epitaph copied from a tombstone in a French cemetery: "Here lies Joseph X., who for twenty years after the death of his wife lived in the society of his mother-in-law, and died in the certain hope of a better world beyond."

It is said that "Worth gets his beautiful combinations of color from studying the plumage of birds." If Worth is responsible for some of the color combinations we have seen this summer, we suspect he has included the State prison bird among his subjects of study.

"So you're off on your vacation, are you?" said a townsman to Shuttle, this morning. "Take your family along?" "No, I'm going for pleasure, that's all;" and the remark would have been funny if Mrs. S. hadn't overheard it. That settled Shuttle's pleasure.

A gentleman, calling on a farmer, observed: "Mr. Jones, your clock is not quite right, is it?" "Nobody don't understand much about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stand at twelve, then it strikes two, and then I know it is seven o'clock," said Jones.

A vengeful Illinois farmer has commenced 9,000 suits against a railroad company for failing to keep axes and saws, as ordered by law, in that number of cars. The aggregate penalty would be $1,800,000 if the prosecution proved successful, and the complainant would receive half.

William Petters, of Arkansas, sat himself down on the steps of a country church, and said there should be no preaching there that Sunday. After William had received a bullet in the leg he vacated, and the services were begun. The text was, "Why do the heathen rage?"

The play is "Queen Elizabeth," and it is interminably long and indescribably dull. The fifth act has been reached, which shows the Queen on her dying bed. "Your Majesty has but another hour to live," says the Doctor. "Another hour of it!" yells a terror-stricken member of the audience, and the other spectators, following his example, rush madly from the theatre.

"Mother," said a young man, "what do you suppose Miss Dorkins meant last evening when she asked me twice over how the walking was?" "Why you goose, she meant that she wanted you to leave—wanted you to go out and try the walking and fail to come back with a report. Do you understand now?" The young man had a sort of an idea that he did.

An "exchange" wants to know "if a little stream is a streamlet, if, on the same principle, a little team isn't a teamlet?" Why, yes—it is a team let when it is hired."

"You don't appear to catch on," remarked the post to the gate; "I like to see a gate well posted." "I feel highly-gered by your remark," replied the gate; "your raillery seems barren of wit." "That's your staple remark when you are shut up," answered the post; "you never like to see a post holed his own."

A school-teacher asked a new boy, "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty broad with shingles five feet broad by twelve long, how many shingles will he need?" The boy took his hat and made a dive for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the teacher. "To find a carpenter; he ought to know that better than any of we fellers."

Harmless: The people of a New Hampshire town are so fearfully lazy that when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, replied: "Confound it, ma'am, they don't do enough work in a whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was all done on that day."

A youth was endeavoring to enjoy an evening in the company of a young lady upon whom he had called, but found a serious obstacle in the person of a stern father, who at length ventured very plainly that the hour for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear sir," returned the unabashed young man. "We have been waiting for you to go to bed for over an hour."

The merchant thought the young man wouldn't be up to the business, so the young man turned to go, and in a dreamy sort of way quite unconsciously took the merchant's silk umbrella instead of the cotton one he had brought, and the merchant said: "Hold on, young man; I guess you can sell goods. I'll try you, anyway." And that clerk was an honest boy, but he understood human nature, and knew how to get a job.

"Seizing the gigantic Indian around the waist, the brave boy lifted him into the air and flung him headlong down the chasm. Panting, the boy stood and watched the Indian's body fall from crag to crag, until it disappeared in the darkness below. Just at this moment—" Just at that moment the father of the boy who was reading the trash came along, lifted the youngster by the ear, and in the wood-shed matinee that followed the boy had no thought of flinging the old man down a chasm. There was no chasm handy.

Wonderful Power.

When a medicine performs such cures as Kidney-Wort is constantly doing, it may truly be said to have wonderful power. A carpenter in Montgomery, Vt., had suffered for eight years from the worst of kidney diseases, and had been wholly incapacitated for work. He says, "One box made a new man of me, and I sincerely believe it will restore to health all that are similarly afflicted." It is now sold in both liquid and dry form.—Danbury News.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILLOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.* GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's, (Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

KIDNEY-WORT

Fac-Similes of U. S. Treasury

—AND—

NATIONAL BANK BILLS.

CONSISTING of nine exact Imitations of United States Treasury Notes, and nine of National Bank Bills, 18 in all, of various denominations. As a rare and instantaneous means of detecting counterfeit money they are invaluable. Price $1 a package.

L. A. MAVILAW & CO.,
P. O. Box 1501. New York City.
Name this paper.

THE MILD POWER

CURES

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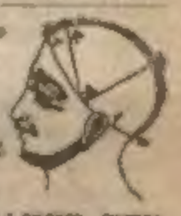

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

AMONG some pretty short costumes for young ladies is one of grey Indian cashmere with a tunic of shaded satin, graduating from dark lava to the palest possible tint of grey, and an embroidered jet plastron with a band of the same round the neck headed by a deep lace ruche. A round shaped hat covered with black feathers and ornamented with a canary poised on one side, completes the costume. Another stylish toilette is of blue steel muslin de laine. The skirt is composed of a flat fluted flounce, and the polonaise is gathered in front and draped at the back under a bow of shaded blue satin ribbon fastened with a blue steel buckle; round the hips is tied a rather narrow scarf trimmed with blue fringe and lined with shaded satin. A capote of blue steel beads is trimmed with shaded roses partly veiled under steel lace and strings of shaded blue satin.

A pretty light cashmere costume has the first skirt covered with tiny flounces, and the upper one crenelated at the edge. A cashmere jacket opens in front over a waistcoat of shaded satin, and the little capote of Parma violets is surmounted by a bouquet of rosebuds.

In the Louis XVI. style a handsome toilette is in shaded dead leaf green, with robings of plain satin joined by passementerie cords and tassels of old copper color; the short satin train and flat-pleated corsage are trimmed with dead leaf colored lace; a jabot of shaded satin ribbon, and the capote of lace to match is trimmed with a plume of turquoise blue feathers.

Mittens of Swedish kid in white, black and tan color, are very popular; they are long and are tied in at the wrist with ribbon matching the kid; other mittens are now made to cling closely to the arm and are ornamented with bows of ribbon at the wrist and at the top.

For town wear the chaussure most adopted is the Victoria shoe, which covers the foot almost to the ankle, the Richelieu or the Moliere. The Montespan shoe is lighter in make and more coquettish-looking with its large buckle; the Marion Delorme is another exceedingly pretty shoe, cut low and very light and elegant.

Never has there been such a rage for white lace as at the present time; young girls wear exquisite point d'Angleterre and arrange it in scarfs on the front of the dress, and forming charming coquilles and fichus on the bodice, fastened with clusters of roses. This pretty though somewhat extravagant fashion will be readily adopted by all ladies possessing either white or black lace, for the one is almost as great a favorite as the other. One toilette trimmed in this manner has the two flounces forming the train sewn together edge to edge, and the edge being purled, the lace can be sewn and drawn up without injuring it. Three or four large loops of lace are then made, and the lace train passes through them on to the train of the dress, and is fastened here and there with piquets of flowers, or with bands of ribbon the same color as the dress.

Novelties in lingerie also abound; a very pretty cravat is made of pale blue twilled silk trimmed with pleated lace and beaded embroidery surrounded with a wreath of green leaves. Another is of old gold satin, the ends ornamented with a delicate hand painting of tinted foliage surrounded with chenille and gold cord and trimmed with deep Spanish lace in old gold color.

The toilette Roman is of crepon and Vesuvian red satin merveilleux; the skirt is encircled with eleven narrow pleatings, and above these with a pleated scarf draped to the back, and is mingled there with loops and bows of ribbon, forming a puffed tunic, the end falling nearly to the edge. The corsage is laced in the back, and gathered in front very closely; to each side of this gauging is added a shawl collar, and at the side seams under the arm a waistband is inserted and tied in a bow and ends at the left side. To accompany this toilette is a small visite of satin merveilleux, trimmed with Spanish lace and flots of ribbon; the chapeau is a large capote of satin merveilleux, gauged all over, and trimmed with a cluster of Vesuvian red roses, and strings of Spanish lace; and the sunshade of the same material as the dress is trimmed with Spanish lace, and a large wreath of flowers similar to those on the bonnet. Sunshades are very large, and matched to every toilette with which they are intended to be worn; the adornments consist of lace, flowers, and bead embroidery, and handles of old Saxony and Sevres are frequently to be seen.

A costume of black satin merveilleux is bordered with three flounces gathered in the upper part and pleated below; at the back are nine narrow plaitings, separated by frills of Spanish lace of the same width, and the tunic of Spanish lace is draped diagonally, and bordered with lace adorned with jet pendants. The back is formed into large loops lined with satin merveilleux, and finished below these with ends of pleated satin and lace with jet pendants. The basques of the corsage are cut in four points, each point trimmed with lace, and with a corset of satin embroidered with jet beads; the Duchesse sleeves are gathered to the elbow, and ornamented with lace and jet; and the neck is finished with lace adorned with jet pendants. The hat to wear with this costume is of Spanish lace with a Louis XV. aigrette of feathers; and the mantle is a visite with small sleeves of satin merveilleux, covered with Spanish lace with jet pendants and bows of ribbon fastened under aiguillettes of jet; the sunshade is also of black satin merveilleux, lined with flame color, and trimmed with lace.

Embroidery continues to be the order of the day; there are embroideries on net, on silk, on woollen fabrics, with lace of the same shade; and the richest silk and bead embroideries for dinner and ball toilettes. Crepon de l'Inde, in beige, emerald green, indigo blue, or burnt bread, is trimmed with satin merveilleux, striped, chequered, or plain.

Fans are in every variety of size and style; a Portia fan of cream-color Spanish lace is ornamented in the centre with two large sunflowers; another of the same shape is covered with fern leaves, and bordered with a wreath of field daisies, a large cluster of Marguerites being placed in the centre; both sides of this fan are alike. A third, again, is covered on one side with blue violets, and on the other with scented Parma violets, and a large bouquet of purple velvet pansies. In curious contrast to these are huge black fans, with equally huge flowers painted on them, such as an exaggerated sunflower, water-lily, or something similar, as well as something wonderfully different, such, for instance, as a common barn-yard fowl and a family of chickens, or a lively scene between two sets of belligerent puppies.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

THE sunflower is as much in fashion as ever for decorative purposes, and the latest novelty is to have one of gigantic dimensions as an ornament for the fireplace. The brown centre is about the size of an ordinary-sized dinner plate, and the spreading yellow petals are of paper, stiffened round the edges, to make them stand out well. There are two sizes of sunflower, one a little smaller than the other, to fit into different sized grates. Sometimes this large flower has a surrounding of shavings, or is mounted on a stiff piece of muslin.

Another style of grate ornamentation is to have a board covered with peacock-blue-colored plush and smaller sunflowers, and a bud or two laid in the centre, and either tacked on across the stalks or applique on with the same colored silk or with crewels. Only the outer row of petals are applique, and these are done lightly, with long stitches going the length or half-length of the petals. The stitches scarcely show at a distance if the silk or wool matches, and as the other petals stand up naturally, it is difficult to see how the flowers are fastened.

These sunflowers are good artificial ones, usually about the size of a small plate, and are extremely fashionable just now. They are generally arranged without leaves, or, if with them, of cloth or satin. Then clusters of large yellow ox-eyed daisies are occasionally put with sunflowers, or else arranged on plush or satin sheeting instead of them.

Some rooms have fireboard, mantel valance, small table-covers, and a wall basket on each side of the mantelpiece of rich peacock-colored plush, with sunflowers applique on the way I have described. These wall baskets are the common ones sold for sponges; they are lined with yellow silk, and are covered with plush. The sunflower is put in the centre, and are covered with plush. The sunflower is put in the centre, and a bud and a few leaves to each side, or, if the flowers are smaller, there are two appliques. Sometimes a cluster of the yellow daisies is substituted.

These baskets are for keeping work in, or are fitted with a tin and have real flowers. Waste-paper baskets are covered and ornamented in the same way.

An original design on a fireboard recently seen was a large black fan painted on, with good-sized sunflowers, the centres of which were cut out, and a pretty child's colored face inserted in the vacuum. The effect was uncommon.

Fireboards covered with coarse brown paper, and painted in oils with sunflowers, or a group of different flowers, are constantly to be seen now. I lately saw the discolored "jambs" of an old wooden mantlepiece covered with brown paper, and painted roughly but most effectively with pink and white foxgloves and leaves.

Painting on wood is as popular as ever, and the latest idea is to paint common wooden stable buckets, and fill them with rare ferns, for a drawing room.

Some are painted with rings of flowers at equal distances, others have merely a design on one side, or a simulated ribbon passed round, tied in a large bow, with a few long-stalked flowers put through the loops; a flight of swallows, in black and white, flying over a landscape; a large monogram in a medallion, or alone, and various designs are popular.

I have lately noticed wooden oatmeal cases, pate de foie gras cases, and the small butter tubs painted in colors, in black and white, and also in sepia, varnished afterwards, serving as receptacles for flowers and ferns, and standing on drawing-room tables. The round clocks are sometimes fitted into a circular piece of wood, which is painted and affixed to the wall.

Piano fronts are much painted now, not only above the keyboard, but underneath and up the sides. The painting is usually bold and rough. There are artistic colored shaded wall papers, which answer well for painting on, and these are fitted into shutters, panels, or doors, &c.

Gold and silver canvas or cloth are better for painting than paper, and more lasting. Frames, first silvered and then painted with a wreath of violets and leaves, have a very pretty effect. Black wood, with roses, is also effective.

Terra-cotta photo frames can now be had for painting and etching on. There are also pretty little terra-cotta menu holders in the form of a small, upright, round plates (into which the menu card is slipped), which are intended to be painted with small flowers, a little bit of landscape, or a face. If painted first and then carefully varnished they will wash well.

Window curtains are now often of colored Madras muslin, either pink, blue, or with a pattern of a quaint and indescribable color on a cream ground. These latter are looped back with broad satin or Surah of old-gold, or a shade corresponding with the tracing on the muslin. A broad foulard scarf is frequently tied round and finished off in a very large bow. Sometimes in this bow a few large sunflowers are put if the owner of the room has aesthetic tastes. It is very pretty to tie back white curtains with these broad sashes, for bedrooms as well as for drawing and dining-rooms.

Some curtains have bands of colored satin, crossed in a lattice pattern to keep them back. They are about a quarter of a yard wide, and are made of satin piping, nearly an inch wide, crossed, and tacked in position. They are not difficult to make, and look light and pretty over white curtains.

With the Indian muslins has come another oriental importation—punkahs are frequently now to be seen in the corners of rooms, or arranged among flowering shrubs in a conservatory. Some of them are very ornamental and of rich appearance.

Small mother of pearl inlaid tables, Benares gold vases, brass lotus bowls, all add their mite to the contribution of knicknacks in a fashionable drawing-room of to-day.

For garden shades, the very large Japanese parasols are taking the place of the holland ones, though they are not as useful, as they will not stand rain or rough weather. They measure about six feet in diameter, and are fitted into a second stick with a sharp point for fixing in the ground. They are bright and varied in color and pattern, and are a fanciful addition to a lawn on a sunny day.

Many chair backs for garden chairs are of coarse linen, edged with the fashionable blue and red Russian thread lace, and have a design of large red poppies thrown across, tied in one corner, with a simulated bow of navy blue. The work is carried out in red and dark blue ingrained knitting cotton.

Some of the holland umbrella tents are worked and trimmed in the same way, as well as little mats for the feet. Some chair backs are merely edged at the top and bottom with the lace put over the back of the chair, drawn together loosely in the centre with a broad ribbon, half red, half dark blue, finished off in a large bow. The two colors are joined at the back.

Many carriage wrappers have a design at the four corners of a hunting crop, drawn through a large horseshoe. In dark serge the work is in gold silk, or holland in dark red or blue.

OLD SHOES.—You probably think that if you look sharply at an old shoe when you throw it away, you will know it again if it ever come back to you. But that doesn't at all follow. One of these days you may button your dress with an old pair of slippers, comb your hair with a boot, or grasp a cast off gaiter while at your dinner. You don't see how this can be? Well, we'll tell you. Old shoes are turned to account by manufacturers in the following manner: They are cut into very small pieces, and kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to make the leather hard and brittle. Next the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water and dried. When thoroughly dried it is ground to powder, and mixed with some substance like glue or gum, that causes it to adhere together. It is then pressed into molds and shaped into buttons, combs, knife handles, &c. So you see how it may come to pass that you will comb your hair with a boot, and fasten your clothes with a slipper.

ANTIQUITY OF HATS.—The hat has figured extensively in history. At what date it first formed an essential part of the dress is not known. It is mentioned in the Bible several hundred years before Christ. In Daniel iii. 21, the prophet speaks of Shadrach, Meesch and Abednego being cast into the fiery furnace "bound in their coats, their hosen and their hats." Among the Romans the cap was the symbol of liberty, and slaves were presented with one on receiving their freedom. Even at a later period the cap or hat was identified with liberty, as in the republic of Netherlands after the emancipation from Spain, when a hat became the national emblem.

Correspondence.

NOVELLE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It was merely a mistake of numbering. There was no omission.

PATTERSON, (Ainger, O.)—Forward an addressed postal and we will send the address of a house where you can get the required book.

EXCELSIOR, (Burlington, Iowa.)—The poem "Excelsior" was written by Henry W. Longfellow. 2. The meaning of nom de plume is "pen-name."

CLARA, (New York, N. Y.)—The Great Eastern is an iron ship. The thirty thousand iron plates, which form the hull, are bound together by three million rivets.

LONELY, (Sumner, Tenn.)—Be more careful in future; seek an interview with your "beau," and explain all the facts. It would be bad taste to send a present.

P. H. D., (Garrett, Md.)—There is one chance in 280,272,272, of a collision between a comet and the earth. Scientific men ridicule the idea of any danger from such a source should it ever take place.

READER, (Anglaise, O.)—Pliny states that Tullus Hostilius, practicing Numa's art of bringing down fire from heaven, and performing it incorrectly, was struck by lightning. Franklin's experiment was not the first of the kind.

MAME, (Hampden, Mass.)—For a good dentifrice for the teeth, take precipitated chalk and powdered orris-root, each one pound; carmine and powdered sugar each fifteen grains; essence of rose and essence of neroli, each sixty grains.

SOLON, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Sulphide of antimony and chlorate of potassium are used to tip safety matches, and the rubber on which they must be struck is coated with amorphous phosphorus, which is non-poisonous, and not easily inflammable.

JEWELER, (Brattleboro', Vt.)—A French chemist succeeded in reducing a diamond to coke by an electric process. Could he reverse the process, and transform the plebian coke to the imperial diamond his ingenuity might be regarded with greater satisfaction.

JULIA C., (Terre Haute, Ind.)—A few practical lessons from a landscape-painter will save you a great deal of time in commencing the study of oil-painting. There are, no doubt, a great many landscape-painters in your city who are not unwilling to receive pupils.

HELEN'S BANES, (Bond Hill, O.)—Glucose is made from the sugar of grapes, and other fruits. It is also obtained by the action of sulphuric acid on starch, rags, and similar substances. It is mainly used as a cheap substitute for and an adulterant of sugar, in confectionery, preserving, etc.

I. O. O. T., (Amite City, La.)—Cupid is the god of Love. He is represented in poetry and painting as a naked child with wings, and bearing a bow and arrows. His constant target is the human heart, and when a person falls in love with another he or she is said to have been shot by Cupid's dart or arrow.

NAVY, (Allegheny City, Pa.)—The "broad arrow" on English Government stores represents the Pheon, the well-known arms of the Sydney family. Henry, Viscount Sydney, afterwards Earl of Romney, was Master-General of the Ordinance from July, 1693, to June, 1702, since which time the "broad arrow" has always been used to distinguish the Government property of that country.

MIRIAM, (Le Flore, Miss.)—A deacon, from the Greek and Latin, is a minister or servant. He is a person in the lowest degree of holy orders. In the Catholic Church, in certain ceremonies, he serves the altar. In the English Church he assists the priest in the Communion. In Presbyterian and Independent churches he distributes bread and wine to the communicants. In Scotland he is an overseer of the poor.

CONSTANT R., (Cambria, Pa.)—Wise indeed to break off from a drunkard. A man who cannot respect himself will not respect his wife, and he will very likely dower his children with disease. Love what is lovely. A drunkard is essentially unlovely. Respect can ripen into love, and disrespect into hate. Love by all means, but do not let love get possession of your soul so as to ruin it; be mistress of yourself.

THISBE, (Strafford, N. Y.)—No one knows who wrote the Arabian Nights. Some say they are from a Persian work having a title with much the same meaning; but this has been disproved. They were probably first composed soon after the conquest of Egypt by the Turks, A. D. 1517; but they may be probably much older. So popular are the tales in Cairo and other cities of the East that public storytellers still continue to relate them.

NINA, (Servan, Ga.)—Whether a young man of twenty should marry a young lady of twenty-six is a question that must be decided by the parties concerned. Generally speaking, however, it is better for the parties to be about the same age, or that the lady be the younger of the two. But the discrepancy between your age and that of the young man who you say is dying to marry you is not so very great as of itself to form a barrier to your union. We strongly advise you, however, for both your sakes, to give the young gentleman a year or two to think over the matter.

TEXAS, (Galena, Ill.)—Chica is the name of a dance popular among the Spaniards and the South Americans descended from them. It is said to have been introduced by the Moors, and to have been the origin of the Fandango, which some writers declare to be the Chica under a more decent form. It is of a similar character with the dance performed at some of the ancient festivals of Venus, and still popular among the modern Greeks. The common jig is said to be one form of the Chica. The words Chaconne (French), Ciaccona (Italian), Cachuca (Spanish), describe modern modifications of the Chica.

JESSICA V., (Saline, Ill.)—You say your aunt is "terrified out of her life for ghosts," and that she maintains that she has seen several real ghosts; and ask if there are such things as ghosts, and whether your aunt may be fibbing. We can but answer your questions inferentially. That your aunt believes every word that she says on the subject is not wonderful. Many old ladies besides her believe in ghosts. Dr. Johnson, notwithstanding his strong common-sense on many subjects, was as credulous and superstitious as a child on others, and especially so as to ghosts, and thoroughly believed in them. The truth is, there is a streak of superstition in almost everybody, and it is through that streak that ghosts keep their hold on mankind.